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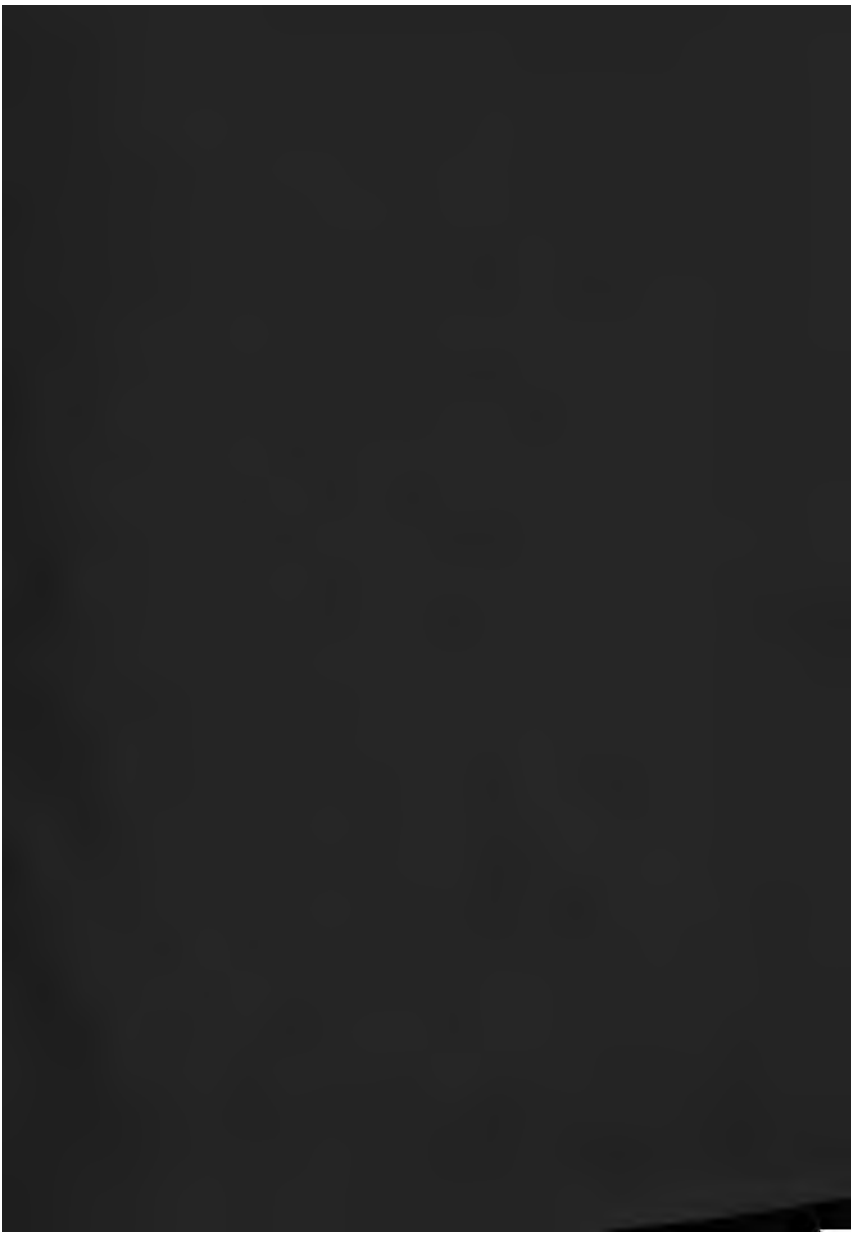

BOB JACKSON PUTS SOME MUSTARD INTO THE FRUIT TART.
PAGE 26.

THE CHILDREN'S PIC-NIC

AND WHAT CAME OF IT

BY

EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS

AUTHOR OF 'THE EARLY START IN LIFE,' 'LONG EVENINGS,' 'HARRY AT SCHOOL,' 'A WEEK BY THEMSELVES,' ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY AUGUSTA MARRYAT

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CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	A HAPPY THOUGHT,	1
II.	GOING TO THE WOODS,	10
III.	BOB AND TOM,	18
IV.	THE GREEDY BOY,	25
V.	THE MUSTARD TART,	33
VI.	HARRY WALTON,	40
VII.	THE PAPER HUNT,	45
VIII.	WHAT 'S O'CLOCK,	51
IX.	TEA-TIME,	57
X.	LOOKING FOR THE DONKEYS,	65
XI.	LOUISA LISLE,	72
XII.	POLLY THE PARROT,	78
XIII.	BOB IS THRASHED,	82
XIV.	MR. DALE GOES FOR THE DOCTOR,	87
XV.	GOING HOME,	97
XVI.	LITTLE TOBY,	104
XVII.	TOM'S REPENTANCE,	110
XVIII.	THE END,	117

THE CHILDREN'S PIC-NIC, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

CHAPTER I.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

'LISTEN to me, children, I have a proposal to make.' So spoke papa: all the children looked up; Horace, who was ten years old, and so, of course, knew how a gentleman ought to behave, laid down his fork and spoon; Alice, who was eight, stood with her spoon in the air, and a piece of pudding in the spoon; while George, who was only seven, and therefore not quite finished in his manners, bolted a piece of pudding crust, which was a mouthful big enough for three, choked, got red in the face, and had to be slapped on the back by his mamma; and all this because papa had made a remark,

when he had not even said what his proposal was.

'Well,' said papa, whose name was Mr. Lawley, 'if you get so excited before I tell you what it is, what will you do when I mention a pic-nic?'

'I knew it; I guessed it,' said Horace; 'such a lot of cakes and tarts and chickens ain't for nothing. Hurrah!'

'Hurrah!' said George, jumping off his chair and capering all over the room. Now George was a little boy who never knew when to stop. He thought himself a very funny and amusing boy; and so he was for a little while; but he would go on so long making a buffoon of himself—buffoon means a man like the clown in a pantomime—that people turned quite sick with looking at him. So now he leapt about and wagged his head, and lolled his tongue out, and looked more like an idiot than anything else. Papa told him again and again to sit down and finish his pudding; but still George went on like a Tomfool, in the hope that people would laugh, because they had laughed at first, until Mr. Lawley said to the maid, 'Jane, take away Master George's plate!' George ran back to his place quick enough, you may be sure; but it was too late. Papa always meant what he said. Off went George's pudding, and the cat

had it for her dinner. George was much vexed, for it was roley jam; so he made up his mind he would pay attention to his papa next time.

'Well, papa,' said Ally, 'now about the pic-nic; where shall we go? whom shall we ask, and what shall we take with us?'

'Let's go to the top of Black Cap,' said George.

'No, to Fairy Dell,' said Horace.

'No, no,' said Alice; 'much better go to the Rocks.'

'I vote we ask the Dales,' said one.

'No; they are horrid; and don't let us have the Browns,' said another of the children.

'When you have quite finished, my dears,' said their mamma, 'perhaps you will let your papa say what he thinks best.'

So the three children looked rather red.

Then Mr. Lawley said, 'I think Black Cap will not do, because it is all up hill to get there, and you will be tired out before we arrive. Then Fairy Dell is too far off; and there is no shade at the Rocks from the sun, or shelter in case it should rain.'

'Oh, papa, it won't rain,' said George.

'Well, my dear, it may. I scarcely ever had a pic-nic when it did not.'

'Why, papa?' asked Horace.

'I really cannot tell you, my boy; nor can any one else. What do you say to Cheveleigh Wood?'

'Papa! the very place,' said Horace.

'Jolly!' said Ally, forgetting she was not a little boy.

George was half off his chair, and his tongue was coming out of his mouth, when he remembered the roley jam pudding and stopped, and did no more than kick his toes up under the table again and again, until his mamma told him to be still; for the glasses were jingling and jumping off the cloth.

'As to whom we shall ask,' said Mr. Lawley, 'we will ask all the boys and girls we know, excepting children under seven years of age.'

'Children!' said George.

'Well, young men and young ladies,' said papa.

'Don't, papa,' said George, wriggling on his chair.

'There seems no pleasing you. Now, you children, say your grace, and then be off. Mamma and I will settle about the pic-nic, and you shall hear all you want to know to-morrow morning.'

To-morrow morning the children heard several things. First, that everybody who had been invited to the pic-nic had accepted; secondly, that

they were going, the boys on donkeys, and the girls in Farmer Miller's cart, with the hampers; and last, and best of all, that the pic-nic was to come off that very day. How the boys shouted and talked when they heard this last piece of news! and although George made rather a fool of himself, his papa and mamma took no notice. The fun of it was that they had scarcely any time to think of it. Breakfast was no sooner over than the people began to arrive. Then the hampers were hauled into the passage, and Farmer Miller's cart drew up at the door, and George spent his time in climbing on and off the horse which drew it. Twelve little boys and girls, all red in the faces with excitement, and scarcely able to stand still, they were so happy. Do you think you will ever remember all their names if I tell them you? I hope you will know them well enough—some of them too well—before the end of the book. First, you know, there were three Lawleys—Horace, Ally, and George. Then there arrived two Jacksons—Bob and Tom. Bob was twelve years old, and Tom was eleven. There were a little girl and boy named Dale—Mary, aged nine, and Willie, eight years old. Then came a nice, handsome boy, called Harry Walton; he was not much more than twelve, but he looked

older. He brought with him a very little chap, who was only five; and as soon as Bob and Tom Jackson saw the little chap they called out, 'No children under seven years of age allowed; send him home; pack him off: he has no business here!' So Mr. Lawley came out to see what was the matter, and Harry said—

'I came to ask you, sir, if I may bring my little brother Toby with me. I shall think it very kind of you if you will allow me. If I cannot, I am afraid I must ask you to let me stay at home; for I must not leave Toby.'

Now Toby's real name was Frank; but he always had the nickname of Toby.

'Well, stay at home,' called out Tom Jackson rudely; 'no brats are allowed to go.'

But Mr. Lawley thought differently. He said—

'We cannot do without you, Harry; so we must stretch a point, and let Toby go also.'

Toby's eyes glistened with pleasure; but that cross Tom Jackson began grumbling that it was a great shame, and that nobody wanted Harry Walton; but when Mr. Lawley glanced at him, he held his tongue and pretended he was looking at the horse's harness, which was a nasty way of behaving, I think. Still, as it was a day of pleasure, Mr. Lawley said nothing; but I am

sure he thought Tom Jackson a very disagreeable boy, as you will also. So Toby was allowed to go too. Harry Walton, and Horace and Alice, were the most useful of all the children. They carried things, and packed things, and helped everybody.

Tom and Bob Jackson did nothing; but they kept whispering together and stooping towards the ground; and as Harry Walton passed near them, he heard Bob say, that something or other would be 'an awful lark;' and then they both giggled, and hid away something they had in their hands.

There were seven donkeys brought up to the door for seven boys to ride. I am sure Mr. Lawley must have searched the neighbourhood to find so many donkeys. As soon as the donkeys came, Alice, who was rather a little hoyden, ran to her mamma, and begged to be allowed to ride a donkey instead of going in the waggon.

'You cannot, my dear,' her mamma said. 'There are only seven donkeys, and there are seven boys to ride them.'

'Could not two of the boys get on one donkey?' asked Alice. 'Perhaps they would not mind.'

'But perhaps the donkey would mind,' said Mrs. Lawley.

'I will go in the waggon, and Ally may have my donkey,' said Harry, who was always ready to do a good-natured thing.

Mrs. Lawley at first said No; but Harry was so anxious that Alice should ride that she agreed that Harry Walton should drive the waggon; so the pad was changed for a side saddle, and Alice and the rest of the boys mounted, all except little Toby, who was to go in the waggon. Before they had time to start, Willie Dale began to cry. There was a thing for a boy to do! One would have thought him a little baby in arms.

'Holla! what's the matter?' asked his papa.

'I don't like it,' blubbered Willie; 'he moves about so.'

'Well, do you expect to get to the wood by standing still?' said Mr. Dale.

'I'd rather get off,' said Willie, 'I'm frightened.'

'Then get into the waggon with the girls, you little coward!' and Willie got off the donkey.

'May I ride, Harry?' asked little Toby of his brother. 'You know I am not afraid if he won't kick very much. Do you think I can?'

'You must ask Mr. Lawley,' said Harry.

Mr. Lawley said Yes, and Toby was lifted on to Willie's donkey; so there were six boys and Alice on the donkeys, and all the little girls,

and Mr. and Mrs. Lawley, and Mr. and Mrs. Dale, for Mrs. Lawley said she could not take charge of twelve children all by herself, and Harry and Willie in the waggon. So they all started with a great deal of talking, and a great deal of noise and laughing, and with little Toby sitting very close to his saddle, and looking very grave, for fear he should fall off.

And while they are starting I will finish telling you all the children's names, for we have been too much taken up with some of them to think about the rest. There was Louisa Lisle. There is a smart name, and she was a very smart little lady also, with a hat with a sky-blue feather in it, and a silk frock and a parasol. Mrs. Lawley thought she was too finely dressed for a pic-nic; for if there should come a shower of rain, Louisa would be sorry that she had not put on something less grand. Then there were two Browns—Sarah, who was about eight years old, and Sam, who was nine. Sam was a boy with a fat face, and he looked very sleepy. He looked as if he was going to sleep on his donkey; but perhaps it was only his look.

These were all the children who went—twelve of them. Do you think you will be able to remember which is which?

CHAPTER II.

GOING TO THE WOODS.

OH the fun they had going to Cheveleigh Wood! To begin, none of the donkeys would start at the same time; some stood still, some backed; the donkey on whose back Horace was kicked up his heels, and sent Horace flying off him, and sprawling on the lawn. Everybody laughed then, and Horace the loudest. Alice's donkey did nothing but shake his head, and run on a little way and stop, and shake his head again; and so Tom Jackson called out 'That he would make him go.' Directly Tom Jackson touched Alice's donkey with his stick, out flew the donkey's heels; just the same when he or Bob went near little Toby's donkey. Poor little Toby was quite frightened; when his donkey kicked, he clung tighter than ever to the mane;

and his little short legs went up in the air, and he jumped up such a way from the pad that I wonder he was not off. This seemed to amuse Master Bob and Master Tom very much, for although everybody else was frightened for the child, they only laughed, and called him a little 'booby,' which was very rude.

In the waggon, none of the hampers would sit still. They jumped about, and knocked up against everybody in the most ridiculous manner, so that there was nothing but fun and laughing.

But a joke is a joke you know; and when jokes are carried too far, they become very unpleasant. All at once, Harry Walton said, when they were about half-way to the wood, 'It seems very odd that every time Bob or Tom Jackson goes near Toby's donkey he kicks. If you will take the reins for a moment, sir, I will get out and see what is the matter.'

Mr. Lawley took the reins, and Harry jumped out, and ran after the donkeys. At that time, Bob Jackson's donkey was close to little Toby, and Bob was poking at him with a stick. Directly Harry went near, Bob put his stick down; but Harry ran to the other side of Bob's donkey, and caught the stick out of his hand. What do you

think? There was a great pin put into the end of the stick; and Bob had been progging poor little Toby's donkey, and frightening the child on purpose.

'You nasty, cowardly bully!' said Harry Walton, breaking the stick in two pieces, and throwing it away to a distance, 'only let me find you again frightening my little brother, and I 'll give you a lesson.'

'Bully yourself!' said Bob, trying to look very big; 'I 'll teach you to call me names, I 'll teach you to threaten me.'

'Teach me then,' said Harry, laying hold of Bob's rein, and stopping his donkey; 'get off and teach me.'

But Bob did not feel inclined. He twisted the rein out of Harry's hand, and kicked his heels into the donkey's sides, so as to make him go on; and when he was out of reach of Harry, he turned round and made a hideous face, and said 'Yah!'

Harry got back into the waggon, and after a little while they arrived at Cheveleigh Wood.

Then the donkeys were all unsaddled, and their bridles taken off; and they were turned loose to eat the grass. Harry said, 'He did not envy the person that had to catch them, when

the evening came;' but Mr. Lawley thought it would be time enough to think of that when evening did come, and meanwhile the donkeys had better enjoy the pic-nic as well as themselves. Next the hampers were lifted out of the cart, and placed on the grass under the trees; but as one of them brushed past Louisa Lisle's dress, it made a smudge of dirt. Of course, such things will happen with hampers at pic-nics, and if Louisa had had a cotton frock on, it would not have mattered; but the fuss she made over her fine silk frock! she scolded, and nearly cried about it; and then, because Mrs. Dale laughed at her, she turned sulky, and walked off, away from everybody else.

There was a way of enjoying one's-self at a pic-nic. Sam Brown wished to unpack the hampers at once, and spread out the things ready for dinner; and he seemed quite disappointed when he found it was not to be done. I think he wanted to sit and look at the things to eat, until it was time to eat them.

And I daresay, if the truth were known, that he would have done more than look at them; he would have picked them.

When the hampers were placed all right, the horse was taken out of the shafts, and turned

loose ; but when he found himself free, he began kicking up his heels in such a furious manner, that Mr. Lawley thought he might run away, and they should not find him when they wanted him ; so he said, 'They must get a stake, and fasten the horse to it.' Harry, Horace, Bob, and Tom, all ran in search of a stake, and each one brought back pieces of wood, but none of them would serve for a stake, not being thick enough ; and after awhile little Toby had found one that would just do. There was a clever little Toby! Everybody praised him very much, excepting Bob and Tom, who seemed to be jealous that any one should be praised, and so they said nothing aloud, but they whispered together. So Mr. Dale knocked the short stake that Toby picked up into the ground, and then they had to find a rope to tie the horse with. There was no rope excepting one round one of the hampers ; so Harry untied that.

'Stop!' said Mr. Lawley ; 'is it safe to leave the hamper open in that way?'

'Why, no one would touch it, sir,' said Harry. 'I do not suppose there is any one in the wood besides ourselves.'

'I was thinking of the donkeys,' said Mr. Lawley. 'Suppose one of those rascals finds that

the basket is open, he will gnaw or waste everything in it.'

'Put some large stones on the top of it,' said Horace.

'All right! who'll fetch stones? Come, Sam, stir yourself,' said Mr. Dale.

Sam got up slowly; he had been sitting ever since he got off his donkey, with his eyes fixed on the hampers, and he did not seem to like to lose sight of them. He was so long about going to look for a stone that the other boys had brought a dozen before he reached the place where they were to be found. So the cover of the basket was made secure from the donkeys, and then Mr. Lawley looked at his watch, and said—

'It is half-past eleven nearly; we will be back here to dine at one. We have an hour and a half to explore. Come on!'

And away ran Mr. Lawley as fast as he could run, and after him ran Harry, and Horace, and George, and Alice, and Willie, and Sarah, and Mary, and little Toby; but after a while he stopped, and fell behind with Mrs. Lawley, and then Sarah and Mary stopped, and said they could run no more; but Alice ran on, although she had hardly any breath left; but she had to

stop next, and then Willie and then George; and next Horace and Harry both fell on the grass, and pretended they were so tired that they could not open their eyes; but could only kick up their legs in the air and groan. So Mr. Lawley stopped also, and turned the two boys over and over on the grass, and asked them how they felt; but they could only groan, until they suddenly opened their eyes, and began capering and dancing in a most absurd manner, just like two boys gone mad, all over the place, until everybody felt sure, to look at them, that they could not be very tired.

But why did not Bob and Tom Jackson run with the others? Mr. Lawley found, after a time, that all the children were not there, for he said, 'Where is Louisa?'

'She went down this way, we shall find her,' said Mrs. Dale.

'Where are Bob and Tom?'

'I am sure I do not know,' said Mrs. Lawley. 'Perhaps they will find a way of amusing themselves.'

'At any rate, they are big enough to find their own way to the hampers at dinner time,' answered Mr. Lawley. So they thought no more of Bob and Tom, but were very merry amongst them-

selves; and they made all sorts of wonderful discoveries. The little girls picked flowers, and found robins' cushions; and the boys started rabbits and chased them, and hunted squirrels; and then they all were in the midst of playing hide and seek, when Mr. Lawley called out, 'Why, where is Sam?'

CHAPTER III.

BOB AND TOM.

FIRST, what were Bob and Tom doing? No good, you may be sure. Whenever those two got together there was sure to be mischief. I am sure the birds and the beasts of the wood must have been sorry when they saw those two boys come near them. Most little boys and girls are fond of animals, and it is right they should be so; animals are dear little things generally. But Bob and Tom Jackson only cared about animals to tease them. Now, as soon as they found themselves alone in this wood, they began to hunt for birds' nests and eggs. Many children collect birds' eggs; but Tom and Bob did not care for collecting: they took the eggs only for mischief—broke them and threw them away. They not only took the eggs, but they killed the young birds which were just

hatched, and even destroyed and threw away the newly-made nests where the poor little birds had not yet laid any eggs, giving them all their trouble for nothing.

Then they saw a squirrel, and pelted the poor thing with stones. Happily the squirrel could get into the highest branches of the trees, where I do not think the stones could reach him; but that was not the fault of either of these horrid boys.

They beat down the butterflies with sticks, and left them bruised and half dead.

They next found an ant heap. This was fine fun for them; so they each took a stick and poked and routed out the ants, till the poor things did not know where to go. All their houses and their villages, which had taken them so much time and trouble to build up, were spoilt in a moment. They ran to and fro asking each other what they should do now, and no one knowing what advice to give. I am glad to think of one thing though. The ants, although they are such little creatures, are able to defend themselves in some way; and a great many of them crept up inside the legs of Bob's and Tom's trousers, and began stinging them. Then the disagreeable boys called the poor little ants 'beasts,' and left off worrying

them; so that the ants after all got the best of it.

Why, ants are a vast deal more clever than such boys as Bob and Tom, although perhaps boys would be offended to be told so. Do you know that ants build most wonderful houses for themselves underground in those hillocks that we see; and that they all live together as if in a town, and help each other? If they are at war with another colony or hillock of ants, they go out to battle against them with a king at their head as leader. Men could not do more.

Then Tom and Bob met a toad. He was doing no harm; he was only going out to tea with another toad, who was a friend of his, and who lived near. When he saw them he tried to get out of the way; but they shouted at him, and frightened him, so that he stopped; and Bob hit him a great blow on the back, and then they both of them beat and banged him till he was quite flat, and looked as if he was dead. Was not all this very cruel and wicked?

At length they came to a wasps' nest. A wasps' nest is a beautiful thing—it looks as if it were made of paper—it is much more beautiful than the honeycomb of a bee; and that, you know, is very pretty indeed. Well, the wasps were not

thinking of Bob or Tom. If they had, I daresay they would only have thought them very disagreeable-looking boys, and have gone on with their work. At any rate, they were not doing mischief. As soon as Bob heard them humming and buzzing, and saw their nest in a bush near, he called out—'Hurrah! here's a wasps' nest! Let's smoke them out. Let's kill them.'

Tom was ready enough. He said, 'We must run back to the cart; there is a lot of straw there. We must get heaps of straw, you know.'

They went, and soon returned, each with his arms full of straw.

'Have you got lucifers?' asked Tom.

Bob took some from his pocket, and soon both of them were holding the lighted straw under the wasps' nest.

The poor wasps did not know what to do. They did not like leaving their nest, where all their young ones were; and they kept flying about close above it, and round it, getting more and more giddy with the smoke every moment. Bob and Tom were shouting with laughter, when, all at once, their laughter came to an end. Several of the wasps, made furious with the fright and the heat and the pain, flew at these nasty boys, and stung them in their faces.

Master Bob and Master Tom dropped the burning straw quick enough, and rolled about the ground, because the stings hurt them so much. They were ready enough to cry out when they were hurt; yet not nearly so much as they had injured the poor wasps, for they had been killed in numbers.

Of course they roared when they were hurt themselves; for Bob and Tom Jackson were cowards. Bullying boys are always so. Brave boys would not hurt little animals as Bob and Tom did; they would be kind to them and take care of them, because they are small, and cannot fight their own battles. Whenever I see a boy unkind to a little beast, I always think directly that boy is a coward, or he would not do so, and I despise him,—as everybody else does,—and think that unless he tries to do better, that he will not grow up a good or brave man.

After a while, Bob rolled up against Tom. Bob had his eyes shut for fear of the wasps, and he could not see where he was rolling to. Boys cannot generally see when their eyes are shut. I don't think you can. Upon this, Tom struck out at him, and told him to keep out of the way or he would punch him. So Bob gave it back to Tom, and Tom did punch him; and then Bob

returned the punching, and they both got on their feet, and forgetting the stings of the wasps, they kicked at each other, and made faces, and called each other names, which was very pretty behaviour indeed. However, the punching and the kicking made them think less of the wasps' stings; and after they had scowled at each other for a time they felt better, and Tom said—

'This is all bosh, you know; we had much better go and look after the hampers.'

Bob grinned, and they both set off running towards the place where the waggon had been unpacked.

I think it was the prettiest part of the wood which had been chosen for the dining place. It was close to a small river or stream, where it would be most convenient to wash the plates and dishes, and the whole place smelt sweet with the fallen fir, and was shaded and cool with great, beautiful trees.

The horse, which had been fastened to the stake, was quietly eating the grass, and doing no harm to anybody. But even the poor horse, who had brought the hampers with their dinner for them, they could not leave in peace. They switched him and made hideous noises at him. For some time he took no notice; then they got

two sticks and poked him behind. The horse put back his ears, and moved away as far as his rope would let him; but he could not get from these teasing boys. So, finding that they went on poking and switching, he threw out his heels at them. He very nearly caught Bob, but not quite; and Bob was so frightened that he fell back just as if he had been kicked, and sprawled on the grass with both his legs sticking up in the air. That was a lesson to them to leave the horse alone; so Bob picked himself up, and they both walked away, while Tom roared with laughter; for nothing seemed to please either of these boys more than to see the other one get into a scrape. You see they were not fond of each other, although they were always in mischief together; either of them would tell tales against his brother to screen himself; and to laugh when Bob was thrown down and looked frightened was very unkind of Tom, I think, to say the least of it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEDY BOY.

AND where was Sam? Mr. Lawley might well ask. All the party went on, and presently found Louisa, who by that time had got over her silly sulks, and was ready to play with the others. I 'll tell you where Sam was. He had gone back again to the place where the hampers were, and was looking at them, and wishing that it was dinner time, and wondering how far it was from one o'clock now. And so he had been for nearly an hour when he heard footsteps near, and giggling and whispering. Sam did not wish to be found watching the hampers; so he hid behind a large bush, and looked round the corner of it. He saw Tom and Bob Jackson come near; it was they who were giggling. Bob held a parcel of something in his hand. They went to the hamper which had

been opened and took off the stones, and raised the lid. Then they stopped and looked this way and that, and seeing nobody coming, they began to unpack the things. Sam thought they were going to eat them, but they were not. They took out several things and placed them on the grass; at length they unpacked a covered tart.

'All right!' said Tom; 'I thought they were in this hamper.'

He then took out his pocket-knife, and raised the crust all round the tart, and took it off. Then Sam saw Bob empty a quantity of yellow powder out of the parcel he had in his hand into the fruit of the tart, and Tom stirred it up well together, and they replaced the crust upon the top; and then both of them shouted with laughter.

Then they packed the things back again, and covered up the basket, and put back the stones on the top, and both ran away.

Now Sam had been feeling very greedy ever since the hampers had been taken from the cart, and the more he looked at them, and wondered what was inside them, the greedier he felt; but when Tom and Bob Jackson unpacked the things, and he actually saw a tart, he felt as if he could scarcely help calling out, and he was

ready to cry at the thought that they were spoiling the tart.

Sam listened until he could no longer hear the noise of Bob and Tom running away, and then he came out. Oh, what naughty things children do sometimes! If ever a boy looked horrid and disgusting Sam did. He was going to steal; and he looked like a coward, and a sneak, and a glutton. He was so dreadfully afraid of being found out that he stopped and trembled and turned pale at every noise; even when a little innocent cock robin fluttered near him, he thought it was some one watching what he was going to do.

At length he thought he was quite safe, and no one saw him.

No one? Did not God see him? and is not God angry with greedy, sly, thieving boys? I am sure He is.

Sam soon came to the tart that Tom and Bob had been meddling with. He expected that yellow powder was something nasty, so he would not eat any of that; but next to that tart was another. It looked very nice. Sam longed to eat some of the crust, but he did not dare lest he should be found out, so he raised the crust, or tried to do so, in the same way as Tom had with the other tart. But Sam had no pocket knife,

so he found a short piece of dirty stick, and cracked and broke the crust all round, until it looked so nasty and untidy that anybody could see some one had been at it. But Sam was too busy to think of that. When he took off the crust, he found the tart was made of raspberries and currants. So this greedy boy went on eating and eating, not knowing when to stop; all at once, to his great fright, he found that he had nearly emptied the pie dish.

What should he do now? Mr. Lawley would see at once that some one had been eating the fruit; and besides, Sam's hands, for he had scooped the fruit out with his fingers; and his face, for he had smeared and grimed it all over with tart, would show at once what he had been doing. He suddenly remembered how Tom and Bob Jackson had been at the hampers; and the devil said to Sam, 'Tell a lie, and say you saw them eat the tart also.' Then something else said inside Sam's thoughts, 'No; even if you are a glutton and a thief, you need not be a liar.' But Sam would not listen to the last voice, but made up his mind to do as the devil taught him, and tell a lie. Then he thought next, 'As I have eaten up all the fruit, and it is sure to be found out, I may just as well eat the crust.'

SAM TRIES TO WASH HIS WAISTCOAT.—PAGE 28.

So he ate the crust, or nearly all of it, and just as he was eating it he thought he heard a voice not far from him. He looked up, but saw nothing; then presently, to his great fright, he heard the loud laughter of Tom and Bob Jackson. Sam felt awfully frightened lest they should have seen him. He quickly packed up the hamper again, and made it look as much as he could as it had before, and then he went to the little stream near that he might wash himself clean. He had in his hurry spilt the raspberries and currants all over his jacket and his waistcoat, and it was very difficult to get out the stains. At last he was obliged to take his waistcoat off and wash the front of it in the water. Sam thought it would never come clean; and it did not. When he put it on quite wet, it was still stained, and looked very bad, and Sam was also looking very bad, for he felt very uncomfortable with having eaten a whole tart, and then having been scrubbing and rubbing at this waistcoat, stooping over the water. Just as he felt worst, he again heard that laughter of Tom and Bob Jackson close to him, and looking round he saw their two faces from out of a bush grinning at him and watching him. Oh, how miserable Sam felt at that moment! He wished the tart was

back in its dish, and he playing with the other children. And here were all the other children coming, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawley, and Mr. and Mrs. Dale. He could hear them shouting and calling to each other, 'This is the way; I am sure it is. Yes; I see the sparkle of the water, come along.'

'Oh, ain't I hungry!' said one.

'And don't I know where to put my dinner?' said another.

And Sam was miserable, and sick, and unhappy. He did not know what to do. Still Bob and Tom were laughing and jeering at him.

'Holla!' said Mr. Lawley as he saw them, 'some are here before us. Bob and Tom, what have you been doing all the morning?'

'Oh, we've had rare fun,' answered Bob. 'We've been all over the place, and only just found the dining-room.'

'And Sam, where have you been? Why did not you come with us, my little man?'

Sam said nothing; indeed he felt too sick to speak. Raspberry and currant tart swam before his eyes, and it made him ill to think of the dinner.

How he had spoilt all his own pleasure, this greedy boy, who thought so much of eating!

He could not bear to hear the jingle of the plates and glasses as they were laid on the table-cloth. He could not bear the laughing and joking of everybody; he wanted to go away and hide himself, but he felt as if he could not move. He watched the unpacking of one hamper where all the plates and things were, and then he saw Mr. Lawley move the stones from the hamper where the tarts were.

'I will go now,' said Sam to himself; and he got on his feet, but the hot sun made his head swim, and he leaned up against a tree.

Mr. Lawley must have been very quick in taking out the things; for when Sam opened his eyes again, everything at the top of the hamper was lying on the ground, and Mr. Lawley was raising *the tart*. 'Holla!' he said, when he saw it, 'who has been meddling with this?'

Mr. Lawley looked round at everybody. Bob and Tom Jackson had been very busy helping to lay out the things, and when Mr. Lawley looked up, Tom said, 'I think I know.'

'Who?' said Mr. Lawley.

'Sam Brown,' Tom said; 'I saw him at it. Look at him now, he don't seem any the better for it.'

Certainly Sam did not; he felt as if he could

not walk away; and Mr. Lawley went to him and said—

'Sam!' But he could get no farther when Sam said, 'I didn't; it was them, Tom and Bob. I saw them; and they put horrid yellow stuff in the other one.'

Mr. Lawley looked from one to the other, not knowing which had told a falsehood; when Sam, not being able to hold out any longer, threw up all the raspberry and currant tart on the ground.

'Disgusting little glutton and storyteller!' said Mr. Lawley. 'You have had your dinner—move away anywhere you like, but you shall have nothing here.'

Sam felt better now that he had been sick, and no doubt he could have eaten plenty of dinner; but he had to go without. So you see he was punished rightly for his naughty conduct.

Tom and Bob Jackson thought they had got off nicely, and they winked one at the other. Now it so happened that Mr. Lawley saw the wink, but he said nothing; only when he was arranging the things upon the table, he placed the other tart which had been in the same hamper with the eaten one close to the place where he was going to sit himself.

CHAPTER V.

THE MUSTARD TART.

IT is always great fun laying the cloth for a pic-nic; it is so difficult to make the things stand straight, and every breath of wind will blow the cloth the wrong way. Alice and Louisa said they would be parlour-maids, and the boys must be footmen. And at first Sarah Brown helped them; but when the tablecloth flicked her in the face she turned cross, and would help no longer. Was she not a goose for her pains? And Lucy Dale cut her finger in unpacking the knives, and must needs cry like a baby, instead of twisting her handkerchief round it; so there were only two parlour-maids left. The footmen were very stupid indeed; you never saw such clumsy men-servants. Horace trippeo over a stump, and sent the chickens flying on the ground; so that when they were picked up they

were covered with the dead leaves of the fir-trees, and Toby was set to work to pick them clean. Then Willie Dale fell flat on his face, and smashed a plate and threw a loaf of bread into a bush near; whereupon he set up a roar like a great overgrown baby as he was; and Mr. Dale told him, if he did not leave off he would give him something to cry for.

Then everybody ran up against everybody else, and Harry, forgetting that Alice was a maid-servant, said—

'Beg your pardon, mum.'

At last all the things were laid, when one of the donkeys, who had been watching everything that went on, walked up to the dinner cloth, and helped himself to a loaf of bread.

Everybody laughed; and Horace said, 'After you, sir!' and Harry made him a bow, and begged him to take a seat. But the donkey turned away in a most rude manner and kicked up his heels, and then trotted off with his head in the air. So Harry picked up the gnawed remains of the loaf, and asked who would like some bread with a flavour of donkey to it. Mr. Lawley answered, 'Harry, my boy, your spirits will carry you away.' And Harry said—

'Then they had better make haste about it,

sir; for I am so hungry that I shall weigh a great many pounds more after dinner than I do now, and they may find me troublesome to carry.'

Toby wished to sit near his brother Harry during dinner. Tom and Bob Jackson must needs sit together that they might carry on their own mischief, or fun, as they called it. The little girls all got in a row somehow; and Mr. Lawley and Mrs. Dale sat at the head of the tablecloth, and Mr. Dale and Mrs. Lawley at the bottom.

They had a lot of things for dinner which I need not speak of, as they are only things to be eaten; and as eating can, at most, last only a very short time, it is hardly worth talking much about; although, of course, everybody likes eating nice things sooner than nasty ones for dinner, as did all these little boys and girls. We know already that they had cold fowls, ornamented with fir leaves and specks of dirt and bits of grass.

Just as they sat down, everybody thought they had forgotten the salt. It was looked for everywhere, and, after a long search, was found amongst the grass. It had been wrapped up in paper, but some one had trodden on the paper, and the salt was spilt upon the ground.

'That is one of the donkeys again, I expect,' said Mr. Lawley. 'If ever there is a piece of

mischief I suspect a donkey, unless there is a pig present, and then I would give him first choice.'

'I thought donkeys were too stupid to think of mischief,' said Louisa.

'I do not think mischief is any proof of cleverness, Louisa,' answered Mr. Lawley; 'but it is a great mistake to think donkeys stupid, for they are often very clever.'

'But every one calls stupid people donkeys,' said little Toby.

'Which shows them to be stupid themselves,' said Mr. Lawley. 'But now about the salt. What shall we do? I don't like dinner without salt.'

'Let us all cry very hard,' said Harry, 'and catch our tears, and make salt by evaporation.'

'What is evaporation?' asked several of the children.

Mr. Lawley explained it to them. Do you know? If you do not,—and I daresay you do not,—go and ask your papa, and he will tell you.

Do you know there was once a very clever man, and some one said to him one day, 'You seem to know everything; how did you grow so clever?' And the clever man answered, 'Because, through all my life, I have always asked questions.'

But Mr. Lawley thought that Harry's plan would take too long a time, so they all set to work to pick up the salt out of the grass, and clean it as well as they could. Mr. Dale had brought a lot of ginger beer. Would you believe it? The first pop that went off set Mary Dale crying. Bob Jackson looked at Willie to see if he was crying too. He was stopping his ears with both his hands.

Horace caught up a dish and held it under Mary's eyes to catch the tears which fell, in case, as he said, the supply of salt should fail them after all. And although Mrs. Lawley said, 'Don't, Horace, my dear; don't tease her,' everybody thought she deserved to be laughed at. These two children made themselves ridiculous wherever they went. People felt inclined to put them back into pinafores, and feed them with pap like little tiny babies. Perhaps a good whipping would have taught them best not to cry when there was nothing to cry for. I should not be surprised if they got it some day.

When the meats were finished, Mr. Lawley said, 'Bring all the tarts in front of me, Harry, and I can help everybody in turn then.'

So all the tarts were placed in a row in front of Mr. Lawley. First he helped Mrs. Dale and

Mrs. Lawley, then Mr. Dale and the little girls. When he came to the boys, he gave them each such a quantity that the pie dishes were getting empty fast. He helped Horace, Harry, Willie, George, and even little Toby. Then he looked up and said, 'Oh, there are Bob and Tom still! Well, here is another tart left which I have not touched yet.' Bob and Tom had been looking anxiously at the tart. They knew that the only one left was the mustardy one. I suppose that they must have made the tart untidy in some way, although they thought they had managed it so cleverly, for Mr. Lawley knew at once which was the one they had been interfering with.

'I don't know what this is made of,' said Mr. Lawley, as he cut the mustardy tart; 'but I hope you will enjoy it.' And he gave a great plateful of tart to Bob, and one to Tom. They knew well enough what it was made of; and I can assure you they looked very blank when they saw that there was no other tart left for them but that.

'You have not any yourself,' said Mr. Dale to Mr. Lawley.

'Thank you,' answered Mr. Lawley; 'I do not care for any.' And Bob and Tom saw by Mr. Lawley's manner that he knew there was some-

thing there. Why, I think he might easily do that, for the fruit was quite yellow with the mustard they had mixed with it.

'Come, boys,' said Mr. Lawley again, seeing that they looked at their plates without eating anything. 'Come, eat your tart.'

Bob and Tom did not know what to do. They slowly raised the spoons towards their mouths, and Bob put his down again, for the stuff smelt so nasty. Tom quickly tried to swallow a mouthful, but the mustard ran up his nose and choked him, and brought the tears into his eyes, so that he could not try to take any more. So these two boys went without any tart at all, and I think it served them right; don't you?

They turned away sulky, and would not join in any of the play after dinner, or help to clear away the things. Mr. Lawley said that they would meet again at the same place at six o'clock; but that before that time, wood must be picked up, and a fire lighted, and the kettle boiled.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY WALTON.

AS they were going away, Mr. Lawley put his arm round the shoulders of Harry Walton, and said to him—

'Well, Harry, do you think this is a pleasant day?'

'Very, sir, very, for some of us,' said Harry. 'I was thinking of Sam. May I take him this? I saved it from my dinner; I am sure he must be hungry, poor fellow!' And Harry showed Mr. Lawley the leg of a chicken and a piece of bread wrapped up in paper.

'It was very kind of you to think of it, my boy,' said Mr. Lawley. 'I am afraid you must have had rather short commons yourself, for you did not ask for any more.'

'No; that would not have been fair,' said Harry laughing. 'I shall do well enough; I shall

be all the more hungry for tea;' and Harry ran away in search of Sam Brown.

Harry and Frank Walton had not any father or mother. They lived with their grandmamma. Their father had been an officer in the navy, and was just coming home to England to see his wife and his two dear little sons. Frank or Toby was then quite a baby, when one night there was a cry in the ship, 'A man overboard!' that meant that some one had fallen into the sea. Mr. Walton, who was one of the lieutenants of the ship, jumped over the side after the man. But the man could not swim, and he felt dreadfully frightened at being in the water, lest he should be drowned; and as soon as Mr. Walton came near him he threw both his arms round Mr. Walton's neck, and clung hard to him. Of course Mr. Walton could not swim with a man clinging round his throat. He tried to shake him off, but the man would not let go. Then the seamen got out a boat and let her down, but by the time they picked them both up Mr. Walton was dead. So they read the Church Service over him, and let him down into the water over the side of the ship, and there he lay at the bottom of the sea until the last day, when the sea will give up her dead. The captain wrote home the news to

Mrs. Walton, and she was so unhappy that she became very ill, and after a few months she died. And when she died she told Harry always to take care of his little brother Frank; and Harry always did so.

Harry wished very much to go to sea and be a sailor like his father. He had always wished it, but he said he would not leave Toby because of his promise, and sometimes it made him feel rather sad that he could not be a sailor; but only for a moment or two. Next minute he would remember that he was doing his duty by keeping by his brother, and he would think that, after all, duty is what God sent us into the world for, and that doing our duty for God's sake is the only way of being happy. I think Harry Walton was a noble boy. His grandmother wanted him to be a clerk in a counting-house, and poor Harry could not bear the thought of sitting all day long upon an office stool, instead of going to sea; but he never grumbled or sulked about it, and he made up his mind to bear the disappointment like a man.

You see that even a little boy of twelve can act wisely and like a Christian.

Harry Walton found Sam after a while. Before he came within sight of him he heard the voices

of Bob and Tom Jackson teasing and mocking at him. They were saying--

'Would you like some nice cold plum-pudding now, or a bit of veal and ham pie? Does your stomach feel empty? Ah, I daresay it does! an empty stomach isn't a very comfortable thing, is it? Could you fancy a bit of chicken, maybe?'

'Yes, I daresay he would,' said Harry Walton; 'so you stand out of the way, and he shall have it.'

Bob and Tom Jackson looked up and scowled at Harry, and appeared very big for a minute; but when Harry repeated, 'Come, stand out of the way, will you?' though Tom answered in a bullying tone, 'Stand out of the way yourself,' they both moved off grumbling and calling names; and Harry sat down by Sam and gave him the cold chicken and bread.

We know that Sam was a greedy boy and a dishonest one, but he was affectionate; and when Harry spoke and acted so kindly, he looked up at him and said—

'I think, Harry, you are the kindest boy I ever knew. I wish I was as good as you are.'

'That's all nonsense,' said Harry, 'I am not good. Come, eat it up, Sam, and then come back to the others; we shall have time before tea for a game of some sort.'

Sam did not wait to be told a second time. He ate up his dinner, and then he and Harry ran off as hard as they could to where they thought they would find the rest, Harry calling out all the time—

'Bob! Tom! come on! we are going to have a game. Tom! Bob!'

I do not know what Bob and Tom were about by this time. Perhaps they had scarcely had time to do any fresh mischief; although it takes sometimes only a minute to do what a whole life cannot undo. At any rate, they made their appearance when Harry shouted their names as he ran, for they liked the sound of the words, 'We are going to have a game.' At the same words there ran from different ways all the other children, Horace and George, and Willie and little Toby, and the girls, although I ought to have put the little girls before the boys; and last of all Mr. and Mrs. Lawley, and Mr. and Mrs. Dale.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PAPER HUNT.

OF course the first question was—

'Now, what shall we play at?' And as nobody could decide, they all turned to Mr. Lawley, and he said—

'I 'll tell you a game they play in India. They call it a paper hunt. One person runs off, having a start of some little while before the others, with his pockets filled with torn up pieces of paper. He must go over the most difficult places he can find, and the rest must follow him wherever he has been; as he goes, he drops pieces of paper along his way.'

'Hurrah!' said Horace, 'who 'll be the wild beast to be hunted?'

'Harry, because he has the longest legs,' said Mr. Lawley. 'Why Harry?' grumbled Bob

Jackson; 'I suppose others can run though they have not such precious long legs.'

'All right,' said Mr. Lawley; 'then let us draw lots.'

'I would rather not,' said Willie Dale, drawing back.

'Very well, let all those who wish it stand in a row.'

Then there stood out Bob and Tom Jackson, Harry, Horace, and George.

'Come, Sam, you also,' said Mr. Lawley.

'No, sir, I would rather not either, please,' said Sam in a low voice; 'I think Harry would like to run.'

Mr. Lawley said nothing; but he patted Sam on the back, and then turned to George, 'Pray, do you consider yourself one of the big boys?'

'I am big enough to run papa, I should think.' And George stood up as much as he could.

So those five drew lots, and, after all, Harry Walton got it, so Bob Jackson might just as well have held his tongue.

'If you wish to run, Bob,' said Harry, 'I shall be very ready to give my place to you.'

'No, Harry, I wish you to run,' said Mr. Lawley.

By this time Mr. Lawley and Mr. Dale had torn up all the letters they could find in everybody's pockets, and had a capful of papers to give to Harry. He stuffed his pockets full, gave his cap to Mr. Lawley to keep, and off he set with a shout, the rest of them shouting after him, and making a furious noise. When he had been gone ten minutes, Mr. Lawley told them all to follow, and away they went, boys and girls. As soon as they turned a corner of the wood, they began to see the little pieces of paper every now and then. The first to give in was Louisa. She could not run with any pleasure, because she had on a pair of new boots. Next, Mary scratched her hand with a bramble, and began to cry, as she and Willie always did. Then Sarah Brown got tired. That was well enough, if she was tired she could stop and rest herself; but there was no need for her to get cross also. It was pleasant company for Mrs. Lawley and Mrs. Dale to have Louisa complaining of her boots, and Mary whimpering, and Sarah ill-tempered. After a while, Mrs. Lawley said—

'I tell you what, children, if you are going to make yourselves so disagreeable, I shall leave you all here to amuse each other, I won't let you walk with me.' And she kept her word. She

and Mrs. Dale went away together, and the three unpleasant little girls were left alone.

They had not gone far when they overtook Willie Dale, who had given up the chase; and a little way in front of them they could see little Toby, very hot and red in the face, toiling on. Though such a little chap, he was more of a man than Willie Dale.

After a time, Mr. Lawley ran after Toby and stopped him; for the child was so hot that he was afraid he would make himself ill. Nothing could be seen of any of the others, they were far ahead.

They had fine work following Harry. Sometimes the pieces of paper took them right through the middle of the bushes and clumps of brambles. At one time they came suddenly to the bank of the little stream, and the pieces of paper led them some way down one side of it, and they stopped where the water was shallow, and there were stones in the stream. All the children stopped too, and asked each other what they should do next. 'He must have crossed,' said Horace; 'but it is too deep to go through without taking off our shoes and socks, and tucking up our trousers.'

So they all sat down on the bank and took off

their shoes and socks, and tucked up their trousers. Ally thought for a minute, and looked at the water, and then she did the same as the boys. They had to go over very carefully, for the stones were slippery; and they could not help laughing, because the water felt so cold. Horace held Alice's hand, or I am sure she would have been down several times. When they were on the other side of the stream, they all put on their socks and shoes again, and ran on after Harry. What a race they had before they found him! and where do you think they found him at last? The pieces of paper all at once came to a stop; the children looked all ways and could see no more paper, and yet they could not find Harry Walton. All at once they heard a great roar like a tiger, and they looked up and saw Harry sitting on the bough of a tree over their heads.

'Come after me,' said he; 'you are to go wherever I go. That was the bargain. Come, Ally.'

Alice laughed, and just then they heard a great noise of shouting and calling, as if from a great way off; and then, as if a good many people at once called out 'Te-e-e-e-a.'

Directly they understood the word they all

ran back again, as if they had not run a step that day, and arrived at the side of the water in no time. Then off went all their shoes and socks again, and they crossed the brook. But when Horace got to about the middle of it, he called out—

'Holla! stop! what are these?'

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

ALL the children went to the place where Horace had come to a stand still, and looked at what he was stooping over.

'Why,' said George, forgetting all about the grammar he had been taught at school, 'I do believe it's water-cresses.'

'I am sure of it,' answered Harry. 'Let us pick them for tea.'

'Jolly!' said George. 'Won't everybody be surprised?'

'I found them,' Horace said. 'Remember that, all of you: it was I that found them.'

Then they began gathering them. They could still hear the rest of the party shouting and calling that tea was ready; but not a step further did they move, until they had filled several pocket-handkerchiefs full of cresses, which they then

washed in the river and trimmed. While they were in the midst of doing this, they heard a voice near to them ask very sharply, 'What 's o'clock ?'

Harry, Horace, and George, and all those who were stooping in the water, looked up quickly, and Horace said, 'Who spoke ?'

'I did not,' said all the children.

'What 's o'clock ?' said the voice again.

'There is somebody up in one of the trees,' said Harry.

He looked round for Bob and Tom Jackson, but they were both with them. Alice, like a little goose, gave a scream, and jumped upon the bank. She ran away towards the place where the party was assembled for tea, without waiting to put on her socks or shoes, carrying them in her hand, and running with her little bare feet over the grass. I cannot suppose that George was also frightened, for he was a boy, and, of course, boys ought not to be frightened of anything but of doing wrong; but I must say, that as soon as ever he reached the bank, he followed the example of Ally; and another child without shoes and stockings arrived at the tea place, just as the something in the trees asked again, 'What 's o'clock ?'

The rest of the boys were not long in following

SOMETHING IN THE TREES ASKED AGAIN, WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

PAGE 52.

them; and as they also came up, everybody was saying—

'Why, what is the matter?' and everybody was looking at Alice's and George's bare feet, and wondering.

'There is something out there,' said Alice, when she could find breath enough to speak; 'there is something up in the trees!'

'Why, Alice, look at your frock,' said Mrs. Lawley; 'you are a dreadful little romp, I am afraid!'

Torn, and splashed, and wet, Alice's poor little frock looked only fit for a rag bag. But she looked down at it as if she only half understood what her mamma was saying; and when she spoke she said, 'There is something up in the trees!'

'Something! what do you mean, my child?' asked her papa.

'Something that keeps talking, papa,' said Alice. 'I think it is some horrid man.'

Mr. Lawley looked at the boys, who all began talking at once: 'Yes, there is something up in the trees that keeps asking "What's o'clock?" and we cannot see anybody.'

'Let us all go back and try to find him,' said Mr. Lawley. Harry, Horace, and the two Jack-

sons were ready to go; but the rest hung back, so those five went on; and after some minutes, Sam and George followed at a distance, and then little Toby all at once got up, and ran past them till he reached his brother, for he seemed to think that he must be quite safe if he had hold of Harry's hand.

Just as they all came within sight of the trees on the other side of the stream, they heard again, 'What 's o'clock ?'

'There it is again,' said Sam and George, shrinking back, while little Toby grasped Harry's hand tighter than before.

'That is not a man's voice, you silly children !' said Mr. Lawley. 'Pretty Polly !' said he, looking up into the trees. Almost directly he spoke, the voice in the tree answered, 'Pretty Polly !'

'Why, I do believe it must be a parrot,' said George.

By this time Mr. Lawley and several of the boys were on the other side of the stream.

'I do believe it must be,' said Mr. Lawley; 'and that you are a set of geese not to have guessed it at once.'

'I remember now,' said Harry Walton, 'that somebody told me Dr. Groves had lost his poll parrot.'

'I have no doubt that this is the Doctor's bird. We must try to catch him,' said Mr. Lawley. 'Dr. Groves will be greatly pleased to have him back.'

'I will climb up after him,' said Harry, 'and catch him in no time.'

He had better not have added that last, for it was easier said than done. Polly would not be caught. Harry climbed the tree, and got on to the branch where the bird sat; but as soon as he was within half a yard of the parrot, Polly would hop awkwardly, or flutter on to another bough. Harry tried for half-a-dozen times, and at length said to Mr. Lawley, 'He won't let me get near to him. I am afraid I shall never catch him this way.'

'Then we must try some other way. Come down, Harry.'

'Perhaps he is hungry: I should think he must be; we will coax him down.'

'Much better shy stones at him,' said Tom Jackson. 'I bet I 'll bring him down in no time.'

'Yes, that is your way of doing everything,' answered Mr. Lawley; 'but fair means are always better than foul. You are a downright ruffian and bully, Master Tom. I will have no stones thrown at the bird. Horace, my boy, run to the tea-table

and fetch a piece of cake; perhaps that will attract Polly.'

Horace did as he was bid, but nothing would make the parrot come down from the tree; so Mr. Lawley said that they must now return, and trust to catching the parrot after tea, as the evening was getting on. 'And what are those?' asked he, pointing to four pocket-handkerchiefs which lay on the bank, and in which something was tied up tightly, so that they looked like four puddings in a row, waiting to be boiled.

'Oh, they are the water-cresses; we had forgotten them,' said Horace. 'They are for tea; come on,'—and he set off running, swinging his pudding over his head.

CHAPTER IX.

TEA-TIME.

I THINK everybody must have been pretty well tired of waiting for tea by this time. There was a beautiful fire of sticks ready, only that it was all smoke and no flame; and the kettle was sitting all on one side on the top of the sticks; and there was Willie Dale stirring about at the fire, and saying very crossly, 'I can't make it burn, and nobody helps me!'

All the boys, who had been running, had thrown themselves down, and were wiping their faces and trying to get cool.

Horace and Harry got up and went to Willie. 'The smoke hurts my eyes so,' said he, beginning to whimper.

'I told you not to stand that side of the fire,' said his papa. 'You should get away from the smoke.'

'Where have you been all this time? and what have you found?' asked Mrs. Lawley. 'We are almost starved.'

'So are we,' answered Mr. Lawley. And then he told all about the parrot; and then the water-cresses were brought out and laid upon plates for tea, and they filled six plates; so they had enough of those, if they had nothing else. But Horace, who had found them, declared that there was nothing in the world so good as water-cresses, in his opinion; and he did not care if he had to eat a bushel of them.

Soon the fire had more stokers than it wanted. George brought a lot more dry wood, and the boys piled it up higher and higher, till it was like a small haystack, and amongst them made such an enormous fire that Mr. Lawley told them they would set a light to the wood if they were not careful. Then they took it into their heads to be Wild Indians, and to perform a war-dance round the camp-fire. They seized dishes for shields, and knives and forks for spears, and capered and howled, and made themselves so ridiculous, that Mrs. Dale laughed until, she said, she felt quite ill. George was, of course, a wilder wild Indian than any of the rest. He seemed to have gone quite mad, and he would not keep within the

circle of the fire, but made rushes at anybody he could catch, to scalp them, until he tried the same on Mary Dale, who, being unable to take a joke, began to cry, and Mrs. Lawley said he must try no more scalping. Then he danced backwards and forwards to and from the fire, until he, to his great surprise, danced into the river. One moment George was capering on the shore, and hooping and making frightful faces; and the next he was nowhere. He fell backwards: two little legs were shown for a moment, and the next souse poor George's head was under water. Harry heard a little scream; it was a very short one, for the water stopped it; and he threw off his jacket in a second, and was in after George. The water was rather deep just there—deep enough to oblige Harry to swim. As George rose to the top Harry caught him by the jacket, and soon dragged him out. It was just as well that the fire was so big and warm; for George had to be stripped, and all his clothes dried, and Harry the same.

They had brought a lot of railway rugs with them in the cart to sit upon, and now they came in very usefully. Harry and George looked like real Indians, wrapped up in blankets, sitting by the fire; and George, whose spirits rose again as soon as he got dry, was ready to perform a fancy

dance all by himself, in his blanket, if his papa had not stopped him.

Meanwhile, nobody had paid the least attention to the kettle. It had begun by singing; it had then boiled louder and louder; it had dribbled out of its spout; it had wobbled its lid; it had boiled over into the fire, and had done everything that a kettle could do; and, at length, had been so rocked about by the boiling of the water that it had tumbled over on its side, with its spout in the air; while a train of steam like a small railway engine had gone up from it.

At length Mrs. Lawley said—

'It is time to make the tea.' She walked to the fire, and then called out, 'Here, do somebody come and pick up the kettle; it has tumbled into the fire. I cannot touch it.'

Mr. Dale ran to help her.

They picked up the kettle. It had left off boiling: there was not a drop of water left in it; but there was a great hole burnt in its bottom.

'What are we to do for tea?' asked Mrs. Lawley.

Everybody looked at each other, and then Horace said, 'Do without!'

So they had to drink milk instead. They ran sticks into the ground, all in a row near the fire,

and hung out George's and Harry's wet clothes to dry. All at once there rose a horrid smell: it was one of George's boots which had been placed by Horace too near the fire, and had scorched and curled up like a caterpillar with the heat.

While they were still looking at it and laughing, and Horace was saying it seemed a pity to waste it, and they had better finish cooking it, and George should eat it for his tea, one of the poles which they had stuck into the ground as drying stands swayed forward and fell on the top of the fire.

'Oh, my trousers!' shrieked Harry.

Horace laughed so that he could scarcely pick up the trousers. Happily they were not much injured, only a hole the size of your hand in one knee, and half a dozen smaller ones in the other leg. Harry said that they would not do for Sundays perhaps, but that they would come in nicely when he had to turn beggar.

'Well, boys,' said Mr. Lawley, 'I think you had really better put on what is left of your clothes; they are quite dry now.'

So everybody but some of the boys walked away, and left Harry and George to dress. George put on his remaining boot. He could not get his foot into the burnt one at all, and said

that for the rest of the day he should practice hopping on one leg. His shoeless foot was wrapped up by Harry in all the cloths that could be found, until George looked like a gentleman with the gout. He begged Horace to get two sticks for him, and he made as much fuss about it as if he had no legs at all, because he saw that some of them laughed. He tumbled down several times, and was picked up and set on his feet again. This was all very well two or three times, and it amused the others; but George, as usual, could not stop in time, and he fell down so often, and did just the same things so many times over, that at length he was left to pick himself up as he could, and no one was in the least amused any longer at his nonsense.

By-the-bye, Horace found, when it came to trying, that he could not eat anything like a bushel of water-cresses. Everybody ate some, but all that were left in each of the six plates were heaped upon Horace's plate, until the pile might have touched his nose. He certainly did his best. I daresay he ate more than was good for him, but still there were quantities left.

While they were still sitting at tea, they were all startled by somebody calling out, 'Who are you?' and the next moment they saw Dr. Groves'

parrot flutter down from a tree near. He had managed to get across the water, I suppose by finding some branches of the trees which met, and now he began hopping all on one side with his wings spread out towards the company.

He looked so awkward that the children began to laugh, but Mrs. Lawley said, 'Poor Polly; come to me, Polly!' and she held out her hand to him. The parrot went to her directly, not in the least afraid, and stood by her side and took some cake, and some bread and butter. He seemed very hungry indeed, poor little bird!

'How very odd,' said Harry; 'and he would not let me come near him!'

'I expect it was because of your being a boy,' said Mr. Lawley. 'Many beasts and birds are afraid of boys, I suppose because they have met with cruel ones. It is a great pity, and a great shame, that any boys should be cruel to animals. I think such boys must be bad!'

Tom and Bob Jackson said nothing, but they kicked each other's shins, for they thought nobody saw them.

'Where shall we leave the parrot so as to find him safe when we go home?' asked Mrs. Lawley.

'In a hamper,' said Horace.

'We shall want the hampers directly for pack-

ing up the things in; and besides, he would not like to be shut up. Perhaps he will sit in the waggon.'

Mrs. Lawley took Polly on her wrist, and placed him in the waggon, and he sat very happily on one of the benches, where they left him until they were ready to start. I think the bird was very tired of being out in the wood, where he could find very little to eat, and where the wild birds would not make friends with him—for they could not understand his fashionable way of speaking—and was glad to meet with friends, and to be taken home to his master.

CHAPTER X.

LOOKING FOR THE DONKEYS.

THE thing next to be done was to wash all the plates and knives and forks, and pack them away. Mr. Dale said he would not trust George within a yard of the water, or he would be falling in again, and requiring fresh drying; so Horace and Harry, and Sam and Willie, had to wash the plates. Alice also would help; and Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Lawley packed them all up as fast as they were dried, and put them away in the hamper.

'Now, boys, look up the donkeys!' called out Mr. Lawley. No one had thought anything about the donkeys since that one had stolen the bread from the dinner-table; and now not a donkey was to be seen.

'Why, we had quite forgotten the donkeys,' said Horace.

'Which shows what donkeys you must have been!' said Mr. Dale.

'Perhaps they will hear and answer their brother,' said Harry. 'Let's try. Hee haw! hee haw!' but no 'hee haw!' came in return.

'Suppose we never find them?' said George.

'Suppose they are miles away?' said Sam.

'Suppose we go and look for them?' said Mr. Dale.

'Well, that is not a bad idea, sir,' said Harry; 'for they are not likely to look for us.'

Every now and then the children thought they saw the print of a donkey's foot on the turf, and then there would be an outcry and a great deal of talking, and nothing came of it in the end; and still the donkeys were not found.

George said that he really could not hop on one leg any longer; and as he had been clinging first to one person, and then to another, in turn, they were all very glad to get rid of him, and they set him down on the grass.

'How shall we find you again?' asked Horace.

'Oh, easily enough, I should think,' said George; 'but you are not going to leave me alone here, are you?'

'Why not? what are you afraid of?'

'Oh! all sorts of things,' said George, pretending to cry. 'Lions and tigers and bears. Toby, stop and take care of me. I can't run away, you know, if anything comes.'

'Yes; I'll stop and take care of you,' said Toby, quite gravely.

Mr. Lawley looked round. 'Bob and Tom Jackson have made off as usual, I see. I never knew such boys.'

'Perhaps they will be the first to find the donkeys,' said Mr. Dale.

So George and Toby were left behind, and the others went on their way. 'Harry,' said Mr. Lawley, as they were walking, 'have you quite given up the idea of the sea?'

Harry turned very red, and he looked another way before he answered.

'I must give it up, sir, there is no help for it; but I cannot help thinking of it often. But there—' he added, 'it is of no use saying any more. I ought to stay at home to take care of Toby, and I will.'

'But Toby will be better able to take care of himself in a couple of years,' said Mr. Lawley.

'No; he will then want me more than ever, perhaps, to take his part at school. I must keep by him, for I promised I would.'

'You are quite right, my dear boy!' said Mr. Lawley.

'I should not like to be a sailor,' said Willie Dale, who was walking within hearing.

'Why not?' asked Mr. Lawley.

'Why, they have to fight sometimes, haven't they?'

'Yes, in time of war; but shouldn't you like the fighting?'

'I should be afraid,' said Willie Dale; 'somebody might shoot at me, and shoot my head off.'

'Well,' said Mr. Lawley, 'I have met with cowardly boys before, but I don't think I ever met with such an arrant little poltroon as you are, Master Willie. Most boys would at least be ashamed of showing themselves cowards.'

'I don't like being shot at,' said Willie sulkily.

'So it seems; and I don't suppose anybody likes being shot at more than you do. Well, if all boys were like you, Willie, I am afraid we should be badly off for soldiers and sailors.'

Just then there was a cry from some of those ahead that a donkey was seen. Harry started off after them, and proposed that they should steal upon the donkey gradually; so all the children, with a great deal of giggling, and some-

times a short laugh, crept close to the ground towards the donkey.

Donkey did not seem to hear at first, notwithstanding his long ears. Perhaps he was thinking of something else, or perhaps he was too busy with his supper. He went on eating the grass; but all at once he raised his head, saw the boys stealing on towards him in a crowd, so he whisked his tail in the air. The children laughed, and donkey was not going to stand still to be laughed at; so he set up a loud bray to show he didn't care, threw up his heels, and went off at a canter, every now and then stopping to have a good kick.

The children screamed with laughter, and gave chase; but the donkey was not going to be such a donkey as to let them catch him.

Horace stopped and said, 'What are we to catch him with, if we get up to him?'

'Oh, you clever boy,' said his father, 'your head will never save your heels, I fear. Nobody but me thought of bringing the halters with us.'

Harry by this time had got near the donkey's head several times; he only just escaped being kicked, for the donkey would turn round so suddenly that his heels were in a moment where his head had been. At last Harry Walton seized the

donkey's forelock, and then clung on with both his hands with all his might until he clasped the donkey round the neck. Then there were cries of 'Hold him hard!' 'Don't let him go!' which to those who stood looking on was easy work enough. It was a regular battle between Harry and the donkey, which was for a time doubtful. Horace went forward two or three times with the bridle, but the very sight of it renewed the donkey's struggles to get free of Harry, who was dragged round and round with his legs trailing upon the grass, and his arms still round the beast's neck.

The donkey had enjoyed the pic-nic as much as anybody, and he was too wise to go home before he could help it.

It seemed as if the donkey must get the day, till all at once Harry was on his feet holding to the ass's mane, and in another moment he had climbed on to his back. Then everybody shouted, 'Bravo, Harry!' 'Harry for ever!' and off went he galloping along the turf, with all the others in pursuit, and holding out the bridle at arm's length. 'Bravo, Harry!' 'Harry for ever!'

But the cry was very soon changed, for up flew the donkey's heels, and Harry in vain clung with his arms and knees; kick after kick, with his head down between his forelegs, until his rider

went sprawling upon the grass; and the donkey galloped away with his tail in the air with a loud laugh of defiance at those who were running after him. 'Hee haw! hee haw! hee haw!' It was 'Bravo, donkey! donkey for ever!' I think, this time.

CHAPTER XI.

LOUISA LISLE.

MEANWHILE Sarah Brown and Louisa Lisle fell together. Louisa did not like hunting for donkeys. How could a young lady in a gay silk dress, and new tight boots and feathers in her hat, be supposed to go in search of donkeys? indeed, how should she know what a donkey is? She had not found any one to admire her smart dress during the day, which had been very vexing; for she had put it on to be admired, and had cared to come to the pic-nic only that she might wear it; and she had thought of hardly anything else during the day but how she was looking.

It was very disagreeable that everybody should be too much engaged in being happy to think of Louisa's dress. Dear me! what a trouble it must be to a little girl to be so very vain!

But at length Louisa had found an admirer in Sarah Brown; but she had to fish for admiration before she got it; and then it was all spoilt, and worth nothing, as you shall hear.

'How do you like my dress?' she asked, smoothing it out so as to make it rustle.

'It is lovely, I think,' said Sarah Brown.

'It ought to be,' answered Louisa; 'for I know it cost a great deal of money. Why don't you have a silk dress instead of that common thing of yours?'

Sarah looked down at her own dress, which was much more fit for a pic-nic than Louisa's finery, and quite smart and pretty enough for any little girl; but she felt ashamed of it, and coloured very red, and gave no answer.

'Perhaps your mamma cannot afford it,' said vulgar Louisa. 'My mamma, you know, is very rich. My grandpapa has lots and lots of money,' and Louisa strutted along with her nose in the air.

Sarah did not half like this.

'What makes you walk so all on one side?' asked she, imitating Louisa, only doing it much worse than Louisa did, as she felt vexed with her for her grandpapa having such lots of money. 'Why do you limp?'

Louisa coloured in her turn, and answered—

'My boots hurt me, that 's all.'

'That 's all!' said Sarah. 'That 's enough, I should think. I would not be lamed for the sake of wearing new boots. I 'd sooner have them ever so old, and enjoy myself. I don't believe you have had any fun at all to-day, Louisa, for all your fine clothes.'

What Sarah said was quite true, and sensible for a little girl, had she stopped there; but she was not wise enough to stop; and still feeling vexed with Louisa for her fine clothes and her rich grandpapa, Sarah took up a piece of dirt which lay near and rubbed it on Louisa, saying—

'Here 's for your fine silk frock, you vain thing!'

At this Louisa got very angry, so as to forget even her tight boots. She jumped up and slapped at Sarah, and knocked off her hat. Sarah paid her back again by pulling off Louisa's, and tossing it into a tree over their heads. Sarah's hat was a plain straw, with dark-blue ribbon, which would not show the dirt even if tossed about; but with Louisa's white ribbons and feather it was a very different thing. She felt ready to cry at seeing her hat thrown into the tree, and I expect she would have done so in another moment, if some rude voice near had not called out—

'Go it, Sally! pitch into her!'

Sarah Brown had never been used to being called Sally, and she thought it very rude of whoever called her so. She stopped to look about for the person who had spoken, but could see no one. Presently she heard a loud rude laugh from the trees above, and looking upwards, both she and Louisa saw Tom Jackson sitting across the bough of a tree. He had placed Louisa's hat upon his head, and was bowing and making faces like an idiot.

'Give me my hat!' shrieked Louisa. 'Give me my hat directly, will you?'

Tom waved it over his head, and then, picking a branch of green leaves, he stuck it in amongst the blue feathers.

'It is not half smart enough,' said he. 'I wonder you will condescend to wear such a shabby thing, with such a rich grandpapa as you have.'

'Give me my hat!' again screamed Louisa. 'You will spoil the feathers, you nasty boy!'

'Will you have it now? or will you wait till you get it?' asked Tom, sticking bits of green all the way round, to Louisa's horror.

'Oh dear! oh dear!' said she. 'He will quite spoil the ribbon.'

'You should wear a more fashionable hat,' said Tom Jackson. 'Don't you know that open work is all the rage?' and as he spoke, he tore a large hole in the brim, and thrust his great big hand through the crown. Louisa was in despair; she could only wring her hands and cry. Even Sarah felt sorry for her, and sorry that she had in her fit of temper thrown the hat into the tree.

'Do give her her hat, Tom,' said she. 'Don't tease her any more.'

'You shut up!' answered Tom, with his usual politeness. 'Mind your own business; you threw the hat to me, and I shall do as I like with it, now I have got it.'

Then he pulled the ribbon off and retrimmed it, as he said, tying it in great ugly bows, and leaving on the white ribbon smears and marks from his dirty fingers; for Tom Jackson, meet him when you would, never had clean hands. Next he picked out the feathers, and stuck them in his own old shabby hat; and he was preparing for more damage, only stopping to think how he should do it, when there came a howl like some one in pain; and the next moment, a great chattering, 'Pretty Polly! poor Polly! what's o'clock? how d'ye do? who are you? poor Polly! all right! hallo! here we are; how d'ye do? get

along; all right! what's 'o'clock?' and a great deal more; and then loud screaming and chattering, which meant nothing; and next, Bob Jackson, running to the place where the three others were, with blood dripping from his fingers.

We know already that Bob Jackson was a coward. He quite howled now as he ran, holding his fingers in the other hand. It certainly was a very bad bite, and I have no doubt hurt him very much. Parrots bite very badly indeed, and Polly had made her beak meet in Bob's hand.

CHAPTER XII.

POLLY THE PARROT.

'WHAT 'S the matter?' asked Tom, jumping down from the tree. 'What a row you are making! What have you done to your hand? Here! have a basin to catch the blood!' and he held Louisa's hat under Bob's hand, thus finishing the spoiling of it, by splashing it all over with blood.

'Matter enough!' growled Bob. 'Leave off your nonsense, will you? Here's that brute of a parrot been and bit my hand. I'll pay him off some day.' 'Squark!' went Polly from the tree above, as if she had understood what Bob said, and answered, 'That she wouldn't be paid off!'

'What did you do to her?' asked Sarah. 'We left her quiet enough in the waggon.'

'I pulled her tail for her,' said Bob; 'and I'll do it again, the first time I catch her.'

'Squark!' went Polly again; and Bob knew by the sound that she was nearer to him than she had been, so he moved a little farther off, notwithstanding his threat.

'Beast!' said Bob, shaking his fist at the parrot. Polly began to get down the tree.

As Bob saw her do this, he moved still farther; but Polly went on in her awkward shuffling way, as if she had made up her mind to do something.

'What do you want running after me, in this way, you nasty brute?' said Bob. 'I 'll wring your head off for you if you come nearer.'

All very fine words; but it was nothing of the kind when Polly did go nearer. She flew at Bob's legs, and pecked his feet and his ankles until he squealed and kicked; but he could not kick the bird, she was always too quick for that. Louisa forgot the loss of her hat in watching Bob and the parrot. Sarah could do nothing but stare, and Tom seemed so pleased at his brother being in a scrape, that he laughed out loud, and jumped for glee.

Polly got the best of it, for she managed to drive Bob before her by pecking his legs until he could stand it no longer; and he took to his heels and ran.

Then they all laughed together, Polly the

loudest of any, until Louisa caught sight of her torn hat, and began again to whimper.

'Here, take it!' said Tom Jackson, throwing it towards her. 'I can't be stopping here all day!' and off he ran after his bad brother, leaving Louisa, Sarah, and the parrot on the ground.

'Come here, Polly,' said Sarah; 'come to me, and I will take you back to the waggon.'

The bird looked at her, and seemed thinking; then she made up her mind, and going to Sarah, climbed on her hand.

She had a long chatter all the way to the waggon, though there was not much sense in it, it sounded as if the parrot was telling the two little girls how Bob Jackson had pulled her tail, and she seemed glad, poor little bird! to get back into the cart, and go to sleep in a corner.

Whilst the fight between Bob Jackson and the parrot was going on, you remember the rest of the party were trying to catch the donkeys.

We left Harry Walton sprawling on the turf, and the donkey which he had caught galloping away. All the racing and dodging and laughing had to begin over again.

In the midst of all this fun and noise, Harry stopped. He had been running the fastest, and laughing the loudest of any. He thought he

heard a little scream which sounded like his own name. He listened, and he heard it again; and directly he set off running the other road, away from the donkey they had been chasing.

'What is it, Harry? Do you see any one of them over there?' asked Mr. Lawley.

Harry gave no answer. I do not think he heard the question. He still kept running away to the place where he thought he had heard the little scream.

He in a few minutes came to the spot where George and Toby had been left. There was George still in the same place, but lying down fast asleep. There was no Toby to be seen.

'George! where is Toby?' asked Harry.

'Eh! what do you say?' said George, only half awake.

'Toby,' said Harry; 'what has become of him?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said George; 'leave me alone, do; I am so tired.'

Harry had no need to ask any more. George went off snoring the next minute; and Harry heard again the little scream, this time not very far off, and he ran as quickly as he could to where it came from.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOB IS THRASHED.

HE came to an open place in the wood, and there, under a large tree, stood Bob and Tom Jackson. They had lost no time, it seems, in finding fresh work for themselves. What useful boys they might have been, if they had been good and kind, instead of bad as they were! It was a great pity, was it not, that all Bob's and Tom's strength and quickness should be wasted doing the devil's work instead of God's work?

You know that every kind action is work for God, and every naughty, ill-natured one work for the devil. You will see before long how badly people who serve the devil get paid for their work.

At first Harry Walton could not see what the two Jacksons were about. They were both look-

ing up into the tree. They did not hear or see Harry coming, for his steps made no noise on the soft grass, and their backs were towards him, and it is only spiders who can see with their backs turned.

Harry heard Bob say as he drew near—

'Go up higher then; go up to the top, or we will shake you down!'

'I can't,' said the voice of little Frank Walton; 'I can't indeed,' and then he again gave a little scream, for Bob shook the tree.

Harry came close up to Bob, and taking him by the collar of his jacket, he gave him a shake in his turn, so that he had to leave go his hold of the bough of the tree.

Both Bob and Tom turned round at this.

'What are you doing to my little brother?' said Harry.

'We are teaching him to climb,' said Bob. 'You get out, will you, and mind your own business?' and Bob tried to shake off Harry's hand.

But Harry would not be shaken off.

'It is my own business,' he answered. 'Why are you teasing my little brother?'

'I shall do as I like,' said Bob, again laying hold of the bough. 'I suppose the young noodle

can take care of himself. Go up higher, you little booby!' he shouted to Toby. 'Go up to the top, or I 'll shake you down!'

'Will you?' said Harry, swinging Bob Jackson round from the tree so quickly as nearly to twist him off his legs. 'You 'll do nothing of the sort. Take that, you great bully.'

Harry's threat did not mean nothing: it meant a tremendous cuff across Bob's head. 'And take off your jacket and have a good thrashing, for I 'll give you one for teasing a little chap who is no more than a baby?'

Harry was so angry that he could scarcely speak plain.

Bob Jackson knew that Harry Walton was a sort of boy who meant what he said, and that his threat of a good thrashing was no idle one. The two boys were a pretty good match in size; if anything, Bob was the stronger of the two—at least, he was the stouter; but Harry had the advantage on his side of not being afraid. I daresay, if Bob had managed to get the best of it, Harry would not have cared much for the mere thrashing. Now Bob Jackson was afraid; for there was nothing he disliked so much as being hurt.

But still Bob was very grand in his words.

'Thrashing!' said he. 'I'll give you a thrashing, and half a dozen such as you. Come on!'

And he stripped off his jacket.

He did not like it though, for all he was so brave, when Harry gave him a black eye, and set his nose bleeding; and then gave him such a pummelling that he ended by knocking him over amongst the bushes.

And Bob was left there, head downwards, with his legs sticking up in the air, for some minutes.

But all this while Tom went on teasing poor little Toby, shaking the bough of the tree where the child was clinging, until he several times let go his hold and almost slipped off. He kept calling out and begging Tom to leave him alone; but it was useless to speak to Tom. Each time Harry heard his little brother call out, he pitched into Bob Jackson more, hoping that when he had done with him, he should have time to go in at Tom.

But Harry was too late; just at the moment that he tumbled Bob into the bushes, and was ready for Tom in his turn, Tom gave a great shake to the bough. Frank screamed louder than before: there was a noise, a sort of creaking sound, then a heavy fall and a shriek,—this time

from Tom Jackson, for he was frightened at what he had done.

Just at the same moment there came round the corner, to the open place in the wood, Mr. and Mrs. Lawley, and all the rest, leading the seven donkeys which they had caught and bridled.

They had picked up George upon their road. They had found him still asleep, being tired out with all his running and his wetting; and they had some trouble in waking him up and making him come with them. He was seated on one of the donkeys, held up by Horace, and nodding forwards, half asleep, as he rode, with his gouty foot and all the cloths round it hanging down on one side.

He looked very much like a Guy Fawkes going round on the fifth of November.

But no one felt inclined to laugh about Guy Fawkes, or anything else, when they saw what had just happened before they arrived.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. DALE GOES FOR THE DOCTOR.

THERE was little Toby, lying upon the ground under the tree, screaming no more, but moaning every now and then as if he was in great pain. There were Bob and Tom Jackson, looking very frightened, standing by, and not knowing what to do. I think they felt very much inclined to run away. And there was Harry on his knees by the side of little Toby, with the tears pouring down his face.

'What is the matter?' asked Mr. Lawley, running forward.

Harry could not speak, and Bob and Tom would not.

Anybody could see what was the matter: poor little Toby's leg was broken.

'I will go at once for Dr. Groves,' said Mr. Dale.

'I will go, sir,' said Harry, starting to his feet. 'I can go quicker than anybody, I am sure.'

'No, no, Harry!' said Toby, hearing his brother speak. 'Don't leave me; you must not leave me.'

So Harry knelt down again by the side of Toby, and Mr. Dale set off running to the village.

'Take one of the donkeys: I can saddle him in a minute,' shouted Horace after him.

'I can go quicker on my own legs,' shouted back Mr. Dale, without stopping.

Mr. Dale was right. If you are in a hurry, do not take a donkey; unless you wish to have to carry him instead of his carrying you.

The boys all stood looking after Mr. Dale, but he was soon out of sight, and then they had nothing to do but to wait. There was an end to all their fun and laughter and play. Their happy day had become very sad, through the cruel mischief of these two bad boys, Bob and Tom Jackson.

Sam Brown went up softly to Harry, and placed his hand upon his shoulder. He could do nothing to help Toby, or to make Harry feel less sorry; but he wished to show him he was grieved for him, because Harry Walton had been so kind to him.

It seemed hours during all this waiting and watching. Mr. Dale ran as fast as ever he could to the village, until he gasped and panted for breath. The people must have thought him mad; but they saw he was making for the doctor's house, and then they said—

'Nothing the matter, I hope?'

When he got to the doctor's door he knocked pretty loud, you may be sure; and as soon as ever the maid-servant came, he said—

'Your master at home?'

'Gone into the country, sir,' said she.

'Where to?' asked Mr. Dale.

'I don't know, sir, I am sure,' the girl answered.

'Which way did he go?'

'I can't say, sir. Perhaps Joseph, he may know. Joseph, can you tell Mr. Dale which way master has ridden?' asked she, calling to a stable-man who was sweeping the yard.

Joseph scratched his head, but he could not scratch any ideas out of it; and after looking up the road and down the road, as if his master could still be in sight, he said 'Noa!' which meant 'No.'

So Mr. Dale turned away to his own house. On his road he asked of everybody he met which

way Dr. Groves had gone. After awhile he found a woman who had met him going into the country; so Mr. Dale ran home with all his might, ordered his horse to be saddled, and rode like a John Gilpin after the doctor.

I don't mean to say that he rode with all the dogs of the village after him, and that he lost his hat and wig upon the road: for he had no wig, for one thing; but he seemed to be riding for a race, and he made all the people stare and look at him. He traced Dr. Groves from one place to another. He had been to a cottage to see a child with fever; then he had been seen to ride up the road to the next village; but always, as Mr. Dale got to the place, the doctor was just gone. All the while Mr. Dale was thinking of poor little Toby lying on the grass moaning with pain, with his eyes shut and his poor little broken leg.

While Mr. Dale was riding about, it began to pour with rain.

And poor little Toby meanwhile! He lay just the same, without speaking, only moaning, and holding Harry's hand in his, until suddenly there came down a heavy pour of rain, enough to soak through everybody in five minutes.

Nobody had seen how black the sky had become, they were so taken up with Toby.

THEN THERE CAME AN AWFUL CLAP OF THUNDER.
PAGE 91.

'We must carry him to the waggon,' said Mrs. Dale.

Mr. Lawley tried to raise him; but the child screamed with pain.

'There is something more the matter than the broken leg, I'm afraid,' Mr. Lawley whispered to Mrs. Lawley.

'He cannot lie there; he will catch his death of cold,' said Mrs. Dale. 'Let us run to the waggon and get the rugs.'

They all ran, and, coming back with rugs and shawls, covered up Frank well from the rain.

It was getting late now. They should have been home before this. The sky was quite black. It had set in a stormy evening. None of the children liked to go away from the place where Frank was lying, until Mrs. Lawley insisted on their doing so for fear they should take cold. Then there came an awful clap of thunder, and several of the children—that is, Willie and Mary Dale and Louisa Lisle—shrieked and hid their faces. It got so cold, with the rain and their sorrow and their fear, that it no more felt like a summer evening; and they all crouched together in the waggon, as much to keep themselves warm as for company in their distress.

In all this rain, and thunder, and lightning, Mr. Dale rode in search of the doctor. His horse was frightened, he did not like the flash of the lightning in his eyes; and he refused sometimes to go on; but stood on his hind legs, as if that would do him any good. And after nearly two hours of riding about, Mr. Dale saw the doctor's black horse tied to a gate. Oh how glad he was! The doctor's horse did not care much about the storm, he was used to it pretty well, as he and his master had to go out in all weathers.

Off his horse Mr. Dale jumped, and led him up to the gate. 'Doctor Groves is here?' he asked.

Doctor Groves heard his name, and came out of the cottage.

When he saw Mr. Dale, he said, just as the villagers had said—

'Nothing the matter, I hope?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Dale, 'little Frank Walton has broken his leg.'

'I'll come at once,' said the Doctor, getting on his horse.

To the wood they went as hard as ever they could go; and as they rode, Mr. Dale told Doctor Groves all that he knew about how it had happened.

'My poor little friend, Toby!' said Doctor Groves. 'I am much vexed anything should have happened to him.'

They had to stop at Dr. Groves's house as they passed through the village, so that he might take some splints and bandages with him.

As soon as the Doctor's horse stopped at his own door, the maid-servant ran into the hall and said—

'Please, sir, you're wanted at once out at Milton.'

'What for? who to?' asked Doctor Groves.

'Lockins, sir: he've taken a chill.'

'And please, sir,' said Joseph, the stable-man, coming slowly out of the yard, 'Turner have sent in, and he wants you immediate.'

'What's the matter with him?'

'I don't know, I'm sure,' said Joseph, scratching his head.

'Did not you ask?' said Doctor Groves.

'Noa.'

'Did he not leave any more message than that?'

'Noa,' said Joseph.

Mr. Dale wondered at Doctor Groves's patience. He could not get into the house, before he had been seized by three or four people; one with a

headache, another with the stomach ache, and a third who had, like Sam Brown, over-eaten himself.

Mr. Dale began to think that it would be night before they got back to Cheveleigh Wood; and still the rain poured down upon their heads, but they did not mind that.

At last, Doctor Groves got rid of all the people, and was in his saddle again; and then they lost no time. How glad all those who were waiting and watching for him were, when they heard the clattering of their horses' hoofs coming down the road; and when, on looking out, they saw Mr. Dale bringing Doctor Groves with him as fast as they both could ride.

It had left off thundering and lightening now, and the rain had stopped, so that the children could come out of the waggon; but it was very nearly dark. Mrs. Lawley thought they had better begin to walk home, but then every one begged to remain until they knew whether Toby was very much hurt, so that Mrs. Lawley did not like to say 'No,' because it was kind of them to care so much about poor little Toby. But she told the boys that they might as well employ themselves in saddling the donkeys; for there is nothing so bad as being idle when we feel un-

happy. At any other time, Horace, George, and Sam would have laughed very much at the trouble the donkeys gave. As soon as they found they were to be saddled, they swelled themselves out as big as two donkeys; so that the boys could hardly make the girths meet round their middles. They had to unswell though, for Horace went and tightened them all up, a few minutes afterwards, when they were not thinking about it. Horace called to Bob and Tom Jackson, who were sitting on the grass a little way off, to put the horse into the shafts.

But the horse would not let Bob or Tom come near his head by any means. He kept twisting round, and keeping his heels always near to the bad boys, and they were too wide awake to trust themselves too near his heels again.

'Why, what has come to him?' said Mrs. Lawley. 'He is always so quiet. Horace, see if you can catch him, my dear.'

Horace took the headpiece and went up to the horse. He stood quite quiet, and still keeping his eye fixed upon Bob and Tom. He let Horace put the bit in his mouth, and lead him towards the waggon.

'How very odd!' said Mrs. Lawley. 'What can that be for?'

'I fancy he knows more than we do, mamma. He is a clever horse,' said Horace, looking at Bob and Tom, who, seeing him look, put out their tongues at him.

I should not like it, if I were a boy, to have all animals hate me, and be afraid of me, as they were of Bob and Tom. I once heard a gentleman tell some little children to try and never pass a day without doing a kind action, if only to a little dog or a little cat; but I think these two boys did quite otherwise, for they never passed a day without doing something unkind.

Polly, the parrot, was found quite safe in the waggon. She had been fast asleep. Everybody had forgotten her until she woke up and spoke for herself, and asked, 'What's o'clock?'

'Why, it is very late, Polly,' said Horace sadly, 'and we ought to have been home long before this; and I for one wish we had never come to this pic-nic at all, sooner than this should have happened to poor little Toby.'

CHAPTER XV.

GOING HOME.

DOCTOR GROVES jumped off his horse and told Horace to lead him about, and ran to the place where little Frank lay. As soon as the Doctor moved him to find where he was hurt the child fainted, and then it was found that there was, as Mr. Lawley said, 'Something more the matter than the broken leg.'

Poor Harry's eyes were fixed upon the Doctor's face as he examined, that is, looked carefully at, his little brother. Doctor Groves set the little boy's leg, and then he carried him to the waggon. Mr. Lawley walked with Doctor Groves, and Harry heard the Doctor say something to him, and he caught the words 'the spine injured.'

The spine means what we call the backbone, which goes from the neck all the way down.

Harry knew what the spine meant, and he felt very frightened, and the tears poured down his face, because he was so sorry for his brother.

When the Doctor and Mr. Lawley had laid poor little Toby in the waggon on a bed of railway rugs which Mrs. Lawley had placed ready for him, Doctor Groves put his arm round Harry's shoulders, and said,—

'Harry, my boy, you must try to be a little man. I know you always can when you try. I don't blame you, my dear, for crying about Toby, for I know you love him; but we want you to help us now.'

'I 'll do anything, sir,' said Harry. 'I am not going to cry when I can do anything to be of use. What can I do?'

'That 's right, my boy. I want you to lead the horse home very quietly, so as not to jolt your little brother.'

It was very wise of Doctor Groves to give Harry something to do: it was the best way of making him dry his tears, you see.

Doctor Groves was obliged to go because of all those people who were waiting for him; so when Toby was fairly off he got on his horse, and soon passed them on the road.

Mrs. Lawley sat in the waggon by Toby. The

rest, that is, Mr. Lawley, Mrs. Dale, and the children, went home sadly, some on the donkeys and some on foot, while Mr. Dale rode to Harry's grandmamma's house to tell her what had happened.

How do you think Bob and Tom Jackson must have felt all this while? Nobody noticed that in coming home they slunk behind every one else. They did not wish to be seen by anybody, nor to be spoken to.

Now, while Mr. Lawley was alone with Harry watching Toby and waiting for the Doctor, he asked him how all this mischief had happened, and why he had found him fighting Bob Jackson; and Harry had told him all the truth; so you see Mr. Lawley knew who had done it.

I do not think for a moment that either Bob or Tom meant to do such a dreadful and wicked thing as to break poor little Frank Walton's leg; but they were cruel and mischievous boys, and when boys go on in the way they did, they cannot tell what harm they may do. Now it was too late to be sorry they had not stopped when little Toby begged of them to stop; too late for Toby, for they could not mend his leg, although it is never too late to be sorry that we have done wrong, and to ask God to forgive us.

But although Bob and Tom were very much ashamed, and wished all this had not happened, yet they could not leave off quarrelling between themselves. I am sure this was no time for quarrelling when everybody else was so sad; but Bob was saying to Tom, 'Well, it was you did it; it was not I. I was fighting that fellow Harry at the time.'

And Tom answered—

'You teased him quite as much as me, and it was you first began to shake the bough. I never should have thought of it else.'

'Now, you just shut up!' said Bob. That was his vulgar way of telling his brother to leave off talking. 'Who was it forced the little chap to climb the tree, whether he would or not, by beating his legs?'

'You did; you did as much as I did,' said Tom.

'You 're as bad as me, whatever you may say. I didn't mean to make him fall, and you teased him more than I did. I declare you did.'

I think Tom was right for once. Bob was as bad as he was every bit, and worse than Tom for trying to lay all the blame on his brother.

So they amused themselves all the way home, squabbling and abusing each other.

Everybody in the village knew about poor little Toby's fall by the time they reached home; and one of the first questions Mr. Jackson asked of Bob was how it had happened.

Bob, then, still feeling spiteful towards his brother, said it was Tom did it; and Tom told how Bob had bullied little Toby as much as he had. And in the end, Mr. Jackson went to Mr. Lawley and asked to hear the truth.

When he returned home, Master Bob and Master Tom each got an uncommonly good flogging by way of supper.

And the very next day, Mr. Jackson sent them both back to school, sending word to their master what a wicked thing these boys had done, and begging that they might be kept very hard at their lessons, and have no play or half holidays for some time.

But all this, though it was a just punishment for Bob and Tom, could not mend poor little Toby's leg, nor take away all the pain he was bearing.

Children, will you try and remember a thing I am going to tell you? Something to remember, not for a little while only, but for all your life. It is this: We never can do anything without its making us either glad of it or sorry for it later

in life. We shall be glad for the good things, or sorry for the bad things sooner or later. I wonder if Bob or Tom will be sorry some day for what they have done? I am sure they will.

But do you know there are two kinds of sorrow. One is like this: if a boy does wrong, and feels so sorry that he makes up his mind that he will not do the same again, that is a good sorrow, for it makes the boy better. The other sort is when a boy is only frightened at what he has done, because of being punished; but he will go and do the same thing again, if he thinks he will not be found out. That last is a sorrow worth nothing, and is quite false.

We shall see, before this story comes to an end, how much worth Tom's and Bob's sorrow was.

I ought to tell you that Polly, the parrot, was taken back to Dr. Groves the morning after the pic-nic, and Dr. Groves was very glad to see him again; and I think Polly was cured of flying away from home, for she had not been at all comfortable or happy in Cheveleigh Wood, and had been dreadfully frightened of the thunder and lightning when she was left alone in the waggon, and she could not for some time recover from the teasing of the Jackson boys. At first she was very silent,

and would hardly eat anything, until one day she took it into her head to tell her master all about it when she began to chatter; and she chattered for such a long time, and talked such nonsense, that the cook at Doctor Groves's said she thought the bird must have gone mad, and that she would never let Polly go to another pic-nic, whoever else did.

CHAPTER XVI.

LITTLE TOBY.

IT did not take many weeks for Toby's leg to mend: that got quite strong after a while; but though his leg was whole again, Toby could not walk. His back was hurt by the fall, and he was a cripple. Everybody was very good to the little boy; they were every day bringing him flowers and fruit, or picture-books to look at; for Toby had always been such a good-tempered and kind little boy that everybody loved him. And Harry never left his little brother; he used to sit by the sofa, where he lay all day long, and read story-books to him, and try to amuse him.

After some time Toby was allowed to go out of doors. He could not walk, not even with crutches; but he was drawn in a wheeled chair.

He looked so small and thin, and so pale, that

people would not have known that it was little Toby, if they had not been told that he was going out that day, and had not seen Harry walking by the side of the chair.

Grandmamma would not send Harry back to school, though the holidays were long ago over; because it would have made Toby so unhappy to part with him. Toby was very merry, it seemed, poor little boy! Perhaps he was not in any pain then. He was smiling and talking to his brother, and nodding to every one he saw.

They went through the village, and were passing the church, when Toby asked his brother to let the chair stop. 'I want to look into the churchyard, Harry,' he said.

Harry told the man to stop the chair, and Toby sat looking for some time. Then he said—

'Harry, do you see that place where so many daisies are?'

'Yes, dear,' said Harry. 'Do you want some of them?'

'No,' said Frank gravely. 'I was thinking I should like to be buried there; just there.'

'What do you mean?' asked Harry. 'Don't, Toby, don't speak like that. You are not going to die.'

'Yes I am, Harry dear,' answered the little boy.

'Shall you be very sorry? I shall not. When I am dead, you may go to sea and be an officer like papa. I know you would stop at home and go into that horrid office, only for my sake.'

'I don't want to go to sea, Toby, and leave you,' said Harry, bursting into tears. 'I shall never go to sea. I shall stay at home all my life, and take care of you, little brother; poor little crippled brother!'

Toby said nothing more. He did not wish to make his dear Harry cry and feel unhappy.

But Toby was right.

He had heard Dr. Groves speaking to his grandmamma the day before, on the staircase outside his room. Grandmamma was rather deaf, because she was old; and so the doctor had to talk loud to make her hear. He did not mean that little Toby should hear also. This was what Doctor Groves said to grandmamma. She must have first asked him a question, for he answered—

'Yes, he is getting weaker. Let him go out of doors; it can do him no harm, and will amuse him.'

Then grandmamma said something else which Toby could not hear; and then Doctor Groves said—

'It must kill him before long, poor little dear! but it is better and happier than living a cripple.'

Then Toby heard poor old grandmamma go crying into another room; and he felt very sorry for her and for his brother Harry; but he did not feel sorry for himself: he was always thinking of the doctor's words, 'Better and happier than living a cripple.'

Harry tried to forget his little brother's words about dying, or to think that it was all his fancy; but he could not forget them, when he saw that the colour did not come back into Toby's cheeks, and that he became weaker instead of stronger every week. When the fine weather went away, and the summer was ended, there was also an end to the going out in the wheeled chair; but Toby was still cheerful, although he left off talking of what he should like to do when Christmas time came. He cared more to talk of God and heaven; and several times he said to Harry, 'Mind you tell Bob and Tom Jackson, when you see them in the holidays, that I am not at all angry with them.'

Harry had never spoken Bob or Tom Jackson's name since that unhappy day of the pic-nic. He said nothing in answer to Toby: so Toby said again, 'You will, Harry? You are not angry with them, are you, Harry?'

'Don't ask me, Toby dear; they are wicked

boys, and I cannot forgive them for killing you.'

'Harry, they did not mean to do it,' said Toby. 'They may be wicked boys, but they did not think of being so wicked as all that. You must forgive them, brother: say you forgive them; for my sake, say it, brother.'

'Oh Toby, Toby, I did not mean to make you cry,' said Harry, seeing the tears running down the little boy's face. 'I am wicked; I have forgotten my promise to mamma; I have no right to make you cry.'

'You never forgot your promise to mamma any time, Harry,' said little Frank. 'You have always kept it, always.'

'I will forgive Bob and Tom,' said Harry, after a little while. 'I will pray God to make me forgive them, for it is very hard; and I will give them your message, Toby, I promise you that.'

Harry did find it very hard, and many, many times he thought he could not forgive Bob and Tom Jackson, when he looked at his little dying brother.

Toby became more and more weak and thin; but Harry still hoped that when the warm weather came again, he would get better. But he never got better; he never felt the warm weather come

again, nor saw the flowers any more. He went where there is no winter and no cold, and where there are far more beautiful flowers than any that we have on this earth!

It seemed very sad to hear the bell tolling and to see the funeral leave poor grandmamma's house, and go slowly into the churchyard. All little Toby's companions, who used to play with him when he was well, cried when they saw it. And then the little short coffin was put into the grave which had been dug for it; and Harry looked quite scared and wild at parting with his little brother.

All this was very sad to see; and it would be very sad indeed to think of, if little Toby had really been in that grave which had been dug; but you know that it was only Toby's little body that was buried there, and that his soul was with Jesus in heaven.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOM'S REPENTANCE.

THE master of the school where Bob and Tom Jackson had been sent wrote to their papa a short time before the Christmas holidays, and said that he was glad to tell him that both Bob and Tom had been better boys since they had been back at school, and particularly Tom. Tom seemed really trying to be a good boy, and the master was quite pleased with him.

So Mr. Jackson said to Mrs. Jackson, 'Do you think we had better have these boys home for the holidays?' And Mrs. Jackson answered—

'I think we had better, if they have been trying to behave well.'

So when the time came, Bob and Tom came home. It was very uncomfortable for them to pass through the village. All their little friends

refused to have anything to do with them. Horace passed them in the street, holding himself very stiff and upright, and staring them full in the faces. Alice turned very red when she met them, and said to them—

'Don't speak to me, you horrid boys! I cannot bear the sight of you; I wish you had never come home.'

George threw stones at them, helped by Sam Brown, for Sam had loved Harry Walton ever since he had taken him the chicken on the pic-nic day.

I do not mean that these children were right. Theirs was not a good way of making Bob and Tom better; but I tell you what they did to show that Bob and Tom Jackson had not a pleasant coming home for the holidays, and that everybody was very angry with them.

But I have not yet quite done with Polly the parrot. She was only a bird, and therefore did not know right from wrong; and as she felt very angry with Bob, it seemed to her the proper thing to punish him. So the very first day the two Jacksons arrived in the village, as they were sneaking past Doctor Groves's house, looking one way and another, lest the Doctor should see them, they heard all at once Polly's shriek of anger. 'Squark!' and out of the window she

came fluttering until she settled on the head of Bob. It was Bob who was her enemy, and who had teased her in the wood. She pecked him again and again. She pecked his head, and when he put up his hands to knock her away, she pecked his fingers. She was not going to forget how her tail had been pulled.

I believe if a parrot had set upon anybody else, that all the people of the village would have run to help; but nobody would help Bob Jackson. Many people saw the parrot biting him, and only said—

'That's right, Polly! serve him out! It will do him good, the rascal!'

At length the cook, hearing the noise and the screams of Bob, came out from the kitchen and said—

'Why, Polly! who told you what sort of a boy Bob Jackson is? You are a cleverer bird than I dreamt of. Come away, there's a dear! he will do now!'

Polly came away at the cook's voice, and cook had plenty to say to the people who were waiting in the surgery for Doctor Groves; and most of them agreed together that Polly must be more than a bird, for she had a great deal more sense than many people.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawley were very angry with these boys, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Dale; but they did not throw stones at them.

I think, perhaps, after all, Bob and Tom had best have remained at school, so far as their own comfort went, for no one would ask either of them to their houses, and they used to wander about the streets together or alone with no one to speak to, and nothing to do. Bob always tried to look as if he did not care; but Tom gave up trying that.

Doctor Groves was so angry with them, that the first time he came across them, and that was in the street, he gave them such a talking to as they had never had before in their lives. Bob looked insolent, but Tom began to cry, so Doctor Groves told Tom he was glad to see he seemed sorry for it, and he hoped he would for the future be a better boy; and he gave Bob a good box on the ears and walked on.

'What a muff you are!' said Bob to his brother. 'What are you snivelling again for?'

'I would sooner be a muff,' answered Tom, 'than care no more about it than you seem to do. I wish I was not so miserable though. I cannot bear to look at the churchyard.'

'Why do you look at it then?' said Bob. 'You

are always snivelling now. I can't bear to look at you, I can tell you.'

'And I don't care much for that,' said Tom.

That very same evening, Tom walked out alone. He always got away from his brother now if he could. He walked through the village slowly with his eyes on the ground until he found he was near the churchyard. He went off the pathway until he came near little Toby's grave. The stone had only just been put up, but the mound was covered already with green turf, and the daisies which little Frank was so fond of.

Tom did not go close to the grave, he kept away a little behind the tombstones, but his eyes were fixed upon it. He felt afraid to go near enough to read the name. He thought that they ought to have written upon the stone, 'Killed by Tom and Bob Jackson!'

As he crept slowly on behind the other tombs, he heard steps coming, and saw Harry Walton walking up the path. Tom had never met Harry since his return. If he had seen him coming towards him, he would have run up a side road, or gone back, or done anything sooner than meet him. He now quickly crouched down behind one of the tombstones, as low as he could, for fear Harry Walton should see him; and his heart beat so fast

that he thought any one might have heard it had they listened. But Harry never dreamt that any one was watching him, as he stopped in front of his little brother's grave, and read several times over what was written there, although he knew the words by heart.

Harry was thinking over many things ; he felt as if he had grown into quite an old boy lately, and that he should never care to laugh again as he used to laugh. His grandmamma had that day put her arms round his neck and kissed him, and called him her own dear good boy, and said that now dear little Frank was here no longer for him to take care of, Harry should go to a naval college, and be taught to be a sailor. But, though Harry had all his life longed to go to sea, he felt as if he did not care for it now. Little Toby would not be able to admire his uniform, and to think he looked nice and brave in his midshipman's clothes ; and it seemed a shame to leave poor old grannie all by herself. But grannie said that she wanted very little, and that she should like to see her only boy in the profession of his dead father ; and she told Harry that life was all before him, and that he must not sit still and grieve over Frank, but stir himself to live like a good man.

Harry was thinking of all that grannie had said, and of his dead father and mother, until he came back in his thoughts to little Toby and the day of the pic-nic, and Bob and Tom Jackson, and, thinking of their cruel teasing of his little brother, all the old feeling of anger was rising in his breast against them, when, all at once, Tom Jackson stood close to him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE END.

WHAT made Tom Jackson come all at once to Harry Walton's side in this way, when a moment before he was trying to hide himself from him?

I think Tom himself could not have told why he did so.

Harry looked up quickly as he heard his step; and when he saw who it was, he turned away, as if he was going to leave, but Tom said—

'Don't go, Harry. Stop a minute.'

'What is it?' Harry asked.

'I am sorry,' said Tom. He meant to have said a good deal, but when he began to speak he could not think of any words; so he only said, 'I am sorry.'

Harry said nothing. He thought Tom had reason to be sorry, if ever a boy had.

Then Tom began to cry. Harry Walton was so surprised at first at seeing such a boy as Tom Jackson cry, that he did not know what to make of it, and stood looking at him, until Tom said again—

'Harry, indeed I am sorry.'

'What do you want?' asked Harry.

'I want you to believe me,' said Tom. 'I want you to be friends with me again. I want you to forgive me. Oh, Harry, do you think that Toby can ever forgive me? Poor little Toby! Oh, I wish I had never done it!'

Then Harry remembered how Toby had left a message for Bob and Tom; and that he himself had promised to forgive them, and he said—

'He told me to tell you that he was not angry with you; and he asked me to try and forgive you both.'

'And do you?' asked Tom, looking up quickly into Harry's face.

'I don't know,' answered Harry. 'It is very hard. I do not like to look at you, Tom.'

'Yes, it must be very hard,' said Tom. 'Do you hate me?'

'I am not sure,' said Harry. 'It would be wicked to hate you, particularly after my promise

to little Toby ; but I don't think you are a nice boy,' and Harry turned away.

'No,' said Tom slowly ; 'I am a very wicked boy, I know.'

Then a minute afterwards he threw himself upon the ground, and sobbed and cried out loud.

And Tom said, 'Harry, don't go ; don't leave me ; I am very wicked ; but I am unhappy too. I shall never be happy. I killed Toby. I am a wicked murderer ; and I wish they would take me up, and hang me for it, I do.'

Then Harry came back and touched Tom's hand.

But when he touched him, Tom cried more ; and when Harry said, 'Tom, don't cry so : Tom, please don't,' Tom sobbed as if his heart would break.

And the end was that Harry sat down by Tom's side and took his hand, and told him he forgave him as freely as Toby had, and then they put their arms round each other's necks, and kissed each other.

When they left the churchyard, Harry saw Horace and George coming towards them ; and at first, when Tom saw them too, he wanted to run back, but Harry took Tom by the arm and told him to come on.

When they met Horace and George they both stared, and Horace said, 'Holla!' and George said, 'How can you walk with that horrid Tom, Harry? I wouldn't. I hate him.'

Then Harry said to them, 'I want to tell you, Horace and George, that you must not hate Tom because of me. He is sorry for what he has done.'

'Are you sorry, Tom?' asked George. 'Are you sure you are sorry?'

But Tom looked so very uncomfortable that Harry said, 'Don't bother him, Georgy: I tell you he is. Leave him alone now.' So Horace and George went on and told to all the others that Harry and Tom were friends.

Now, little boys and girls who read this, do you see the difference between Bob and Tom?

They had both been very wicked boys; but Bob went on still just the same after this dreadful thing—the death of little Toby—had happened, and Tom was sorry for it, and tried afterwards to be a good boy.

Tom was always with Harry Walton whenever he could. It was of no use for Bob to laugh at him and call him a muff, and other vulgar rude names much worse than that. Tom would not leave Harry if he could help it. It seemed as if

he never could do enough for Harry. He asked leave to study for the navy, and he and Harry went to the same college and passed at the same time, and then Harry found the wish of his life was his, and he had a midshipman's jacket with gilt buttons to it, and might one day be a lieutenant, as his father had been, and perhaps a captain with a ship of his own. Harry could go to sea now with a clear conscience, for he did not leave any duty behind by doing so; for little Frank was in much safer Hands than his, and had gone to tell his mamma how well Harry had kept his promise to her. Tom Jackson also had a midshipman's jacket with gilt buttons, and a cap with a crown on it, and he had a berth on board the same ship as Harry; and they went through all sorts of adventures together, and saw wonderful things, and strange countries and people, and met with many dangers such as sailor boys meet with, of which we on shore know and think little. What became of Bob Jackson in after life I do not know; but I am quite sure such a cruel, bad boy must have grown up a bad man; although, even then, it would not have been too late for Bob to be sorry and to change.

Harry Walton and Tom Jackson remained friends through life, and although they did not of

course always serve in the same ship, they very often met, and were always together when they could.

Whatever happens to Tom, or whatever changes he may see, I don't think that anything will ever put out of his mind that pic-nic day, and what happened through his and his brother's fault to poor little Toby in Cheveleigh Wood.

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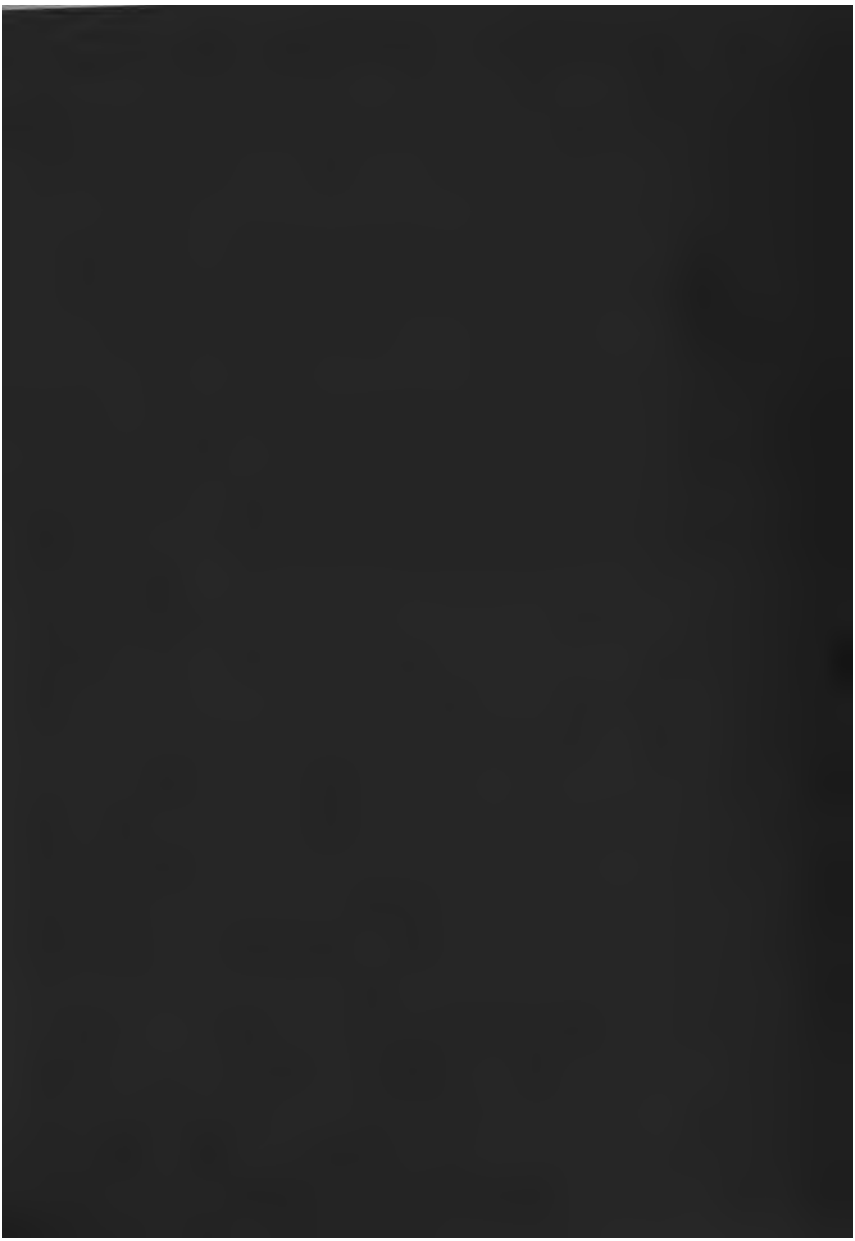

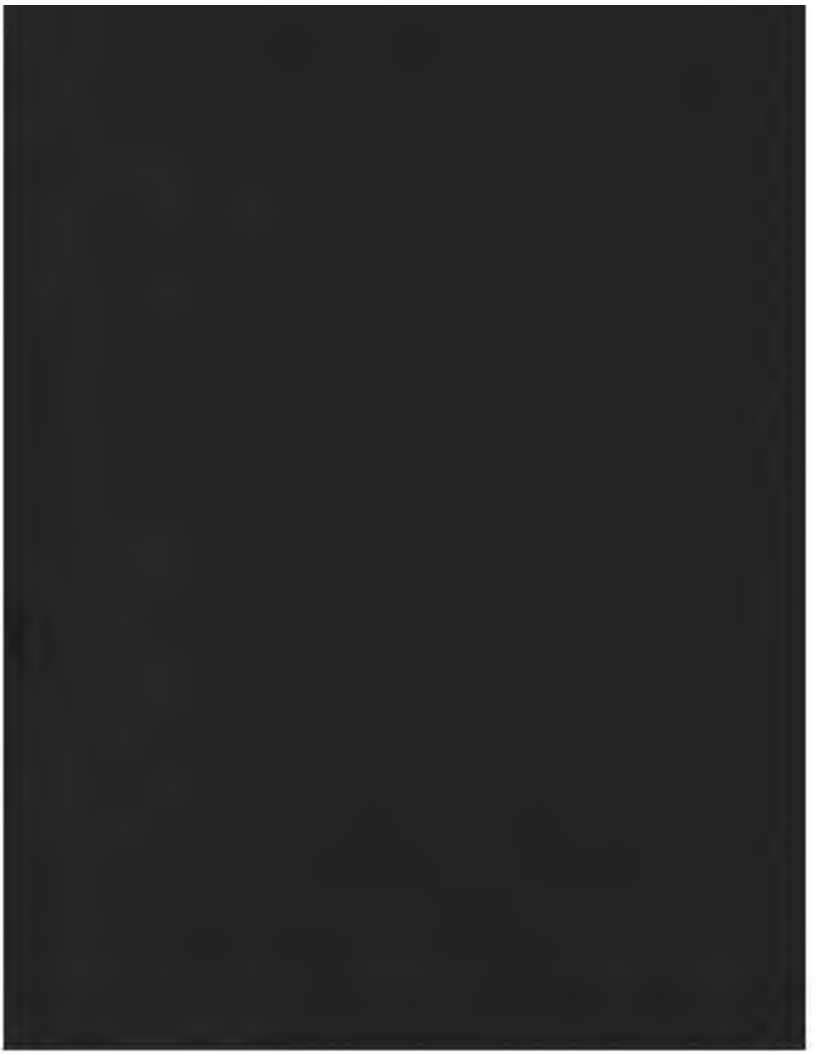

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